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ON THE BALCONY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Shut out the sparkle of the brilliant room—
Draw both the curtains—closer yet—and now
Let the June fragrance and this dewy gloom
Cool the fierce fever of my cheek and brow.

I saw you kiss the frail, white rose I drop't
Upon the stair, quite careless where it fell.
The Earl was passing then, you say, and stopped?
And did he see you? Nay; how can I tell.

For I was welcoming some newer guest,
Proud to make one at this my brilliant ball.
What angry shame would mantle brow and breast
Of the pure woman, could she know it all.

How she would scorn me with indignant eyes,
And flout me—Bah! why runs my talk on this?
See how yon moon drops down the sapphire skies,
Languid with her own beauty. One more kiss.

Ay, hold me so. Hark to the dancing feet—
That low waltz music has a wondrous power.
O love! if this be sin, then sin is sweet,
Although I dare not look beyond the hour.

The jessamines you sent I could not wear,
Because the Earl so much dislikes the flower;
And so I put these roses in my hair—
Frail beauties—they were withered in an hour.

Much like the hope with which my life begun—
Quite real at first, but proved an idle dream.
The folly and the penance, both are done,
And I am launched upon a broader stream.

Where am I drifting? Why, how do I know?
I cannot guide the shallop I am in.
True love is love. But then that goes to show
However you may guild it, sin is sin.

Turned moralist? Oh no. I only said
Just what came uppermost, as in one's mind
A foolish fancy of some book you've read
Will float about. Besides, the Earl is kind.

These opals, see—he brought them yesternight.
The jewels seem alive, th' imprisoned flame
Leaps so. It shames the colder night
Of moon or stars—and then I hear his name.

See where the tender dawn comes with a smile,
And stirs the branches of yon laurel tree,
And in the drowsy woods, beyond the style,
Awakening birds chant matins cheerily.

One last embrace—there, there, now let me go
And bid my guests a courteous, kind "good night."
Look how the pearly tints the east o'erdow,
And Love grows haggard in the searching light.

July 23, 1869.

THE GIPSEY QUEEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COTTAGE GIRL," "SHADOWS ON THE RIVER," "JANE SHORE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DEATH OF GIDEON.

Gideon had traveled westward from Surrey with his rapidly increasing tribe. He was a sort of gipsey Napoleon—or would have been—had not his clever designs, his rapid movements, his dominating proceedings, and his complimated money making transactions received a most unexpected check. The man was one of the most vigorous, dangerous, untamable and cruel natures that his race had ever produced. As his money had increased, so had his ambition, which reached far above Falkland's position; even to the chief of chiefs at the head of all the gipsies speaking the English tongue. He had great schemes for ther benefit, and intended to do more to raise them than had ever been yet attempted. In order to accomplish what he designed, it was necessary for him to be obeyed, and to let the gipsies know by his actions, that he intended to uphold the ancient customs of their race at any price. He wanted to strike terror into their minds, to make them fear him, and to overpower all opposition to his will. Nothing could more effectually do this than by proving that the Falklands could be swept before him, as chaff before the wind. This he had proved. This he had done. Falkland's tribe was shrunk—his spirit broken. Rhoda, who had thwarted him in many ways, he had cast down into the dust.

He had accused Rhoda of unfaithfulness, and of practising devil's arts to injure him, actuated by savage jealousy of Alf, and of all who dared to admire her, and above all, mercilessly bent upon proving his power and his determination to enforce the old gipsey customs, by acting out the sacrifice of divorce, which was fast dying out, like so many other of their traditional ceremonies. And now it was done. Rhoda was dismissed with all the disgrace he could heap upon her; and Gideon was looked on by all the gipsies who heard of the affair as almost superhuman, and his authority was linked in their minds with that of his now inseparable interpreter of gipsey traditional law and ceremony—Old Nathan. This strange being, who had formerly been a basket maker and the keeper of a gipsey beerhouse—a regular rendezvous of the wandering tribes, had relinquished both occupations, leaving his grown up sons to the care of the solitary house in the Shepley Five Fields, while he gave his nights and days for other toils. He possessed, even in advanced age, a singularly powerful memory, which was stored with traditional gipsey lore, to such an extent, that he was regarded as an infallible oracle on all matters that distinguished the race from others. But as Old Nathan possessed an active imagination as well as a good memory, it is by no means certain that he did not sometimes confound his own inventions with actual traditions. He became very closely linked with the noisy chief, and the two together were greatly feared and implicity obeyed. Gideon apparently did nothing without the guidance of this old priest—who knew, it was said, all the lucky and unlucky days—all the forms by which spirits could be controlled—all the properties of herbs and other samples for medicines and charms—and every secret and mystery of gipseydom. So was it believed by large numbers—whom Gideon and old Nathan did everything in their power to draw back from the ordinary ways of the world. But a catastrophe little foreseen was to cut short the career of Gideon. Scarcely had the fires of the sacrifice of divorce died out—and while the ashes were yet warm—Gideon reclining at the foot of a rock contemplating the grave of the pony that Rhoda had vainly entreated him to spare—he let his arm rest along the side of the rock close to a small hollow in which, unknown to him, a nest of adders were lodged. With the usual recklessness of gipsies as to outer clothing—constant exposure to air rendering them very hards—he had flung off his coat and neckcloth, and suffered the warm evening air to play freely over his brawny chest and throat—and his half uncovered arms. He saw nothing of the venomous creatures who were concealed so near to him, and his whole mind was engaged in considering what might be the effect of Rhoda's return to her father's camp, and whether Alf would now risk the danger of joining his lot to hers, in which case Gideon was determined to restore the old gipsey landmarks by a still more terrible ceremony than that which he had recently revived.

"For in that ease she shall pay the extreme penalty; she shall be beaten to death with cudgels, and she shall have no mercy—it shall be done, and in this very place."

Just as he was mentally sentencing his unfortunate wife to this capital punishment, he was conscious of a slight pain in the arm that rested against the hollow. He arose to a sitting posture and perceived a slight mark where he had felt the pain. He thought nothing of it, and prepared to draw on his coat and retire to his tent. The adder, or viper, the only poisonous reptile now to be found in England, is usually dreaded very much by the gipsies, who study carefully its haunts in order to avoid them; and when that is not possible they have certain remedies which they apply, but they are not always successful. Gideon had no thought of adders; but while he looked at the mark on his arm it increased in size, the arm began to swell, and the pain became so severe that he roared to his people to fetch old Nathan, and a woman supposed to possess superior surgical skill. Perhaps for the time no physical or nervous suffering could exceed that of the first discovery of a serpent sting. The whole being is convulsed with agony under the mortal terror and the fearful sensations that quickly follow one another. Gideon's eyes appeared staring from his head; his face was distorted, his voice changed. He roared for assistance, then fell into fainting fits, sickness and delirium. An old woman was the first to come to his assistance in a practical way. She had water poured over the wound while she muttered gipsey charms.

"What is it?" he asked of her.

She added:—

"Only an adder bite."

"*Only* an adder bite?" he roared, striking at her with his sound arm.

"Nay, then," said she, "you may e'en cure yourself, or send for Becca Falkland to cure you. It is only she who can."

"She—why she prophecied that I should hear the hiss of a serpent, but I have not," he laughed, wildly. "I have heard no hiss, I have only felt the bite."

"See here," cried the old woman whom he had struck, and with a stick she poked out from the hollow of the rock a huge viper, with a chain of dark zigzag markings along the whole length of its pliant back; a number of smaller adders were behind it.

Angry at being exposed, the creature reared itself and hissed, while Gideon stared at it with blank dismay. Old Nathan was soon at his chief's side and examining the wounded arm, which was swelling frightfully. Under his direction the wound was sucked to extract the venom, and certain herbs were gathered and freely applied. But Gideon grew rapidly worse, and he became so frantic that no one cared to approach him.

"Go and find Becca and my wife!" he shouted, again and again; and, after a brief conference among the tribe, a number of the men dispersed with all speed to endeavor to find the two women and persuade them to return. He was writhing on the floor of his tent when Rhoda and her mother arrived. He had then been in agony some thirty hours, for the men had had great difficulty to trace them. Becca fixed her eyes on Gideon and said, in her deep, hollow tones:—

"Did I not forewarn thee?"

"Yes—yes. But lose no time—save me if you can, I implore of you!"

"Implore nothing of me!" she sternly rejoined. "I have no cure for you."

"Think, mother," said Rhoda, "your skill is great. Do what you can for him."

She emphatically answered that all the skill in the world could do nothing for him. He fell back in a deadly swoon, was seized with convulsions and expired. Rhoda from that hour assumed a new position. She called the whole tribe together and addressed them in a few emphatic words, promising to take care of their interests, and to be to them in the place of Gideon, who had so unjustly cast her out—if they would stand by her. There was scarcely a dissentient voice. And Rhoda became in reality, as she had often before been in name, a Gipsey Queen.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GOLDEN COMPENSATION.

Just as the hour was striking when Oliver had intended to present himself to his estranged love, Basil, alone, divested of shooting gear, with marvelous composure of face and mien, entered the open door of the sitting room that looked on the Phillips' well stocked fruit and flower gardens, and inquired of the rough and florid maid of all work if Miss Phillips were at hand.

"Her be gone with Miss Catherine," was the answer, accompanied with a flourish of a duster, and a strong smell of turpentine and beeswax, with which she had been annointing the heavy Spanish mahogany furniture, that was already reflecting her ruddy cheeks.

"Gone?"

"Master drove 'em to the station. They be going by the train to Lyme."

He looked blank. The stout arms rubbed away at the sideboard, as if propelled by steam. He stood leaning against the doorway. After some minutes the damsel suddenly bethought herself. She rushed to a card rack.

"Miss Catherine left this note for you, sir. I was forgettin' all about it."

He caught the narrow pink envelope from the girl and quickly tore it open.

"Catherine assures her cousin Basil that it is with great pain she feels obliged to give an unfavorable answer. It is not possible for her to change this resolution, now or ever. But would entreat of him to give her the friendly satisfaction of assisting him out of his difficulties, to do which would be a real happiness to CATHERINE."

He looked very malignantly at this note, but starting off at a swift pace, exclaimed:—

"It matters little now. I *will* give her the friendly satisfaction she seeks."

Lyme was twenty-six miles from Exeter.

"If the train has gone I have lost all!"

But the train had not gone. He found the two young ladies in the first class waiting room, and Miss Phillips, on seeing him enter, pale and breathless, arose from the cushioned seat and looked the compassion that really animated her for this unfortunate lover—this handsome and elegant hero in difficulties. Catherine bent her head slightly and whispered to her friend, who walked out on the platform, beckoning him. He fain would have stayed to speak with Catherine herself, but she dropped her traveling veil and shrunk into a corner. One moment he ventured to address her:—

"I have your note."

She at once, in a most decided though gentle manner, referred him to Miss Phillips, who waited outside on the platform.

"You can speak freely to Lizzie, but you must excuse me."

He went to Miss Phillips. The tears stood in her eyes, though she spoke to him in the kindliest, cheeriest voice:—

"You know Catherine's decision. It can't be helped. I have tried every argument I could think of for you. I am quite sure she has been disposed to listen. But her feelings seem beyond her power. You really must make the best of the matter, and, as a man and a soldier, you are bound to pluck up heart of grace and say:

"'If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?'"

"Oh, thanks for your kindness, Miss Phillips; but I am in very serious trouble, and I see no way out."

"Catherine has told me a little about it—you have debts—well, she wishes to make you some satisfaction for disappointing your hopes. In fact, she is most desirous to assist you, and she has plenty, you know."

"But," said he, "a small sum would be quite useless to me, therefore I won't trouble her."

"I will go and speak to her," said Lizzie; "wait here."

"Tell her," he said, "I submit to her will, though it breaks my heart. Tell her, also, that I am very painfully situated just now for want of money, and if she means what she said yesterday—if I may, indeed, look to her generosity for means of relief—I shall ever remember her with profoundest gratitude. I declined her aid yesterday—I now accept it—if it is rendered at *once*, otherwise I cannot."

"How much do you require?"

"I dare not say. But, as I intimated just now, small help will be to me no help. Pardon me for speaking so—in desperate circumstances one cannot stand for ceremony. An answer—an answer—yes or no, quickly, will be the best kindness you can show me, dear Miss Phillips, and it will be the last time I shall trouble you."

She quickly returned and handed to him a letter addressed to a banker in Exeter, which Catherine had written in the waiting room, and enclosed with it papers from her pocket-book.

"You will find there a larger sum than I think you could have expected. But your cousin wishes to compensate you as much as she can for her refusal. And she sends you with this her farewell, and wishes you, in the future, all health and hope and good fortune. But I must tell you that she does not expect to see you any more for a long time to come—when you have outlived your present feelings and can meet her like a cousin only. And under no circumstances are you to mention this gift—neither to her nor any other person. It is to be a secret between us three, and Catherine's banker, who will pay you the money. There may be a fourth person, by-and-by," added Lizzie, smiling—"your wife, when you have one."

A sneer quivered on his face, but he took the letter with an eagerness that he could not disguise, then wrung Lizzie's hand and said good-bye. He reached the bank, had an interview with the principal, received in notes a thousand pounds, and went away with the roll of crisp paper in his hands. He was just in time, for ten minutes after the bank was thrown into excitement by a vague report that Miss Ratcliffe's cousin, Oliver Wynne, had been shot in Foxley Wood by his half brother, Captain Basil Holmes.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FLIGHT OF AN ASSASSIN.

Catherine and her friend heard nothing of the report that day, for when they reached Lyme, after taking luncheon with an acquaintance, they were driven in an open carriage to Charmouth, a picturesque little village in the same borough, on the main road between Exeter and Dorchester. They were driving about until sunset. From the side of the craggy hill on which Lyme is situated, they rode over its brow along the old coach road, surveying, as they went, landscapes of singular beauty—comprising lovely glimpses into three counties, for here were visible the Dorset hills, the teeming Devon orchards, and the luxuriant woodlands and fertile valleys of Somersetshire. In Charmouth they had friends expecting them. And after tea Catherine ventured a quiet stroll on Charmouth beach. Her thoughts were with Oliver, and Oliver only—now she had dismissed his brother—desiring to see him no more, for his attention had been a source of distress to her, in whom all girlish vanity and love of conquest had been extinguished by the absorbing attachment she had formed for Oliver. No dark presentiment this evening marred the tranquil pleasure of that stroll on Charmouth beach, and she retired to rest that night, nothing doubting that Oliver was still at his London chambers, occupied with his studies. Her mind had been so filled with sweet soothing images by the beautiful scenes she had visited, that she scarcely even reverted to Oliver's unkind treatment of her—and as to what Lizzie had told her vaguely from Captain Holmes of Oliver's having wickedly misled some fair lady now at Mrs. Weston's, in Bloomsbury, she decidedly refused to entertain any such accusation. She had been on too intimate terms with Oliver not to know his upright nature. On his brow "shame would be ashamed to sit."

Out of the intensity of her conviction sprang a suspicion—quite new to her—of Captain Holmes' sincerity. But while trying to think out this, she fell into a profound sleep that lasted until eight o'clock the next morning. Lizzie was at her bedside, in morning outdoor dress, fresh as a rose, in pink and white cambric, her homely face shining with good humor under a white straw bonnet with pink ribbons.

"Come, you sluggard," she cried; "I have been the nicest walk this morning, while you have been dreaming here. You will never get the roses back to those wan cheeks of yours if you don't let the early morning air blow over them. You look better for yesterday, and I expect you to grow strong and active very soon."

Catherine was soon seated at breakfast by a bow window of the tasteful Villa—one of many ranged along the only street of Charmouth with the blooming gardens in front, making the air redolent of delicious fragrance. No vision had yet come before her of the beloved form of Oliver in the shooting cover—or of his half closed, unseeing eyes, with the sunlight full upon them in the chamber of that pretty wayside inn, where Basil and he had eaten and drunk and gossiped, just before entering that fatal wood. Neither could she imagine that the vessel which she beheld far out at sea, lying aslant to the freshening gale, contained the lover she had refused, and to whom she had given the magnificent gift of a thousand pounds. Basil had heavily fee'd the owner of a small vessel and two experienced sailors to take him out to Guernsey. He went and hired them in Exeter, and they had taken him with them to where the vessel was lying, in a small creek near Lyme. They waited for the favorable tide until a little after midnight, and then put off in a brisk gale, that promised a quick passage, and was not, they thought, too brisk for safety, although their vessel was not built to battle with a stormy sea. However, after leaving the shore everything went wrong with the little craft, and the master, who was a primitive Methodist, hearing his passenger swearing at the failure of the vessel to get well away from the English coast, and himself abused for bad seamanship, turned round on Basil, and gave him a sharp lecture on his impatience, injustice and profanity. And then he said:—

"How do I know why you are in such haste to fly the land. Perhaps you are that sort of man, that my vessel would sail better with your room than your company."

And as the wind continued to increase, the long frothy billows rolling heavily, and the vessel laboring much, and a leak was discovered, the old Methodist master agreed with his mate and man to put back, and make the craft in better condition for the run to Guernsey. Basil was wild at the proposed delay, and could not restrain his fury. Ralph Dowlands, the methodist skipper, was not one of the meekest temper, but on the contrary "a peppery man," as his mate said, and he informed his passenger that he would sooner lose the fee for the trip than have anything more to do with him. However, somehow it happened that the boat could neither get back to the shore—nor out to sea, with any hope of safety.

"I can tell you one thing," said Basil, sneering, "If you were to throw me overboard you might get on better."

"Very likely, if I was to judge by your blasphemous and infidel language. Only, you see, we leave murder and all the other deeds of the Evil One, to them as never thinks of the judgment to come, leastways, don't care for it. We does, we three belonga to Providence Chapel, as you see over the tops of yonder houses, and I wish you, sir, belonged to it, too."

The random shaft had struck home. The word *murder* made the gentleman shake in his shoes, as the mate afterwards observed. But that gentleman, how ever shaken, could not lose the opportunity for a sarcastic sneer against the sailor's religion:—

"You get some nice little pickings over there, don't you?"

"No, we don't," gruffly replied Downlands, "ours isn't like your state churches. We keep our chapel, our chapel don't keep none of us."

"If it did it would keep a sad set of humbugs."

"Well, sir, time and eternity will show which on us be right, you or me. And the time's now come, in my opinion, for the gale's risin' dead agin us, and my little 'Nancy' here is behaving no way up to it. I'm 'feared we shall be lost."

The passenger began to swear again in his disappointment and rage, until Dowlands threatened really to pitch him overboard if he did not be quiet. Hour after hour the vessel was beaten before the wind. All day it was unable to make the shore, and Basil was dozing on a bench, where he had flung himself down, and covered himself up with a sail, when Dowlands roughly aroused him to help to bail out the water that was coming in from the leak.

He arose with difficulty, and beheld a terrible sea about him. Angry surf was seething in every direction; every stitch of sail had been taken down, the vessel was rocking under bare poles, but every few minutes it heeled over alarmingly. A small boat had been flung out, but the chance appeared a small one that it could battle through the surf to the shore."

"However, that's our last chance," said Dowlands.

Even while he spoke a strong wave overwhelmed the "Nancy," which immediately after arose in a remarkable manner, and plunged headlong into the deep sea. There was scarcely time for a brief prayer, and a wild look to the sky on the part of the crew—for a pang of horrible expectation on the part of the passenger, before they were all struggling in the seething billows. The boat, however, was caught by Dowlands and his mate. The young seaman missed it and perished. Basil endeavored to swim through the surf to some rocks that rose darkly out of the water at a short distance. He was a powerful swimmer, and he resisted death with all his might. To and fro he was tossed, far out of reach of the boat, still he managed to reach the rocks. Now he has to dread being dashed against their jagged ridges, so as to cause him deadly injury. Under this dread he yields to despair and begins to sink. Then he experienced that strange phenomena now so well known. His whole life from childhood passed in swift review before him, painted in lurid lights and shades before his mental vision. Scenes that a volume could not describe were distinctly visible before him in every minute detail. There was his first love, the daughter of his good, too gentle, tutor, pictured in many a tender memory, and then he saw her suffering the blight of his capricious neglect, as he bent before another shrine that had only a handsomer face to recommend it. A pang of remorse attested the power that Mary Brentford still had over his better nature. But swiftly arose another face—another form and voice as the centre of scenes of passionate joy and sorrow, ending in the deep guilt of that robbery for which Absolon, the gipsey, suffered and died. And then war thundered around him, the roar of the waves changed into artillery, and the quivering light on a billow into the moonlight that was stealing into an Indian verandah, where he was whispering his insiduous falsehoods into the ear of the wife of the best friend he had in the army, who had rendered him many benefits; then he was flying over the ocean with that tempted woman; then he was quarrelling with her in their suburban lodging, and he rushed to stop her from her leap through the open window. She was gone, and Shepley Heath was around him, and he was tied to the stake in the gipsey encampment, and his ears were dinned with the mocking laughter of the swarthy tribe. He struggled against his bands, and then he writhed under the gipsies' whips, and he strove to climb out of the horrid pit that they had dug to receive him; and all at once he was standing gazing on the beautiful gipsey girl, and swearing secrecy on her glittering dirk. Then he was breaking that oath, and seeing a magistrate's order signed for driving the gipsies from Shepley Heath. Catherine Ratcliffe came but faintly before him in comparison with Rhoda, only her image led up to his last crime, and he raised his gun behind a screen of leafy boughs and fired at his brother. Oliver fell.

"He is dead," Basil said, bending over the bleeding form and then he fled.

All this I have put in the merest outline, but the scenes were wonderfully fresh, vivid and varied to him, so that he could contemplate them, and even reason upon them to a certain extent. One conclusion his guilty soul seized upon very strongly and retained it.

"Had I been true to thee, dear Mary, all this had not happened. That first true love, faithfully preserved, would have preserved me. Thou wert my guardian angel, and I left thee.

This conclusion was left in his mind, when the waves had flung him upon the isolated rocks amidst masses of seaweed and a crowd of chattering sea birds. There he lay, bruised and exhausted, when the tide was rising around, and the light of day was fading, and at a little distance the boat of the "Nancy" was tossing to and fro.

CHAPTER XXX.

ALF RISES INTO AN UNJUST POSITION.

The Tartar gipsey musician appeared very pleased to have seen Falkland, and to have reconciled him and his foster son, whose feelings had naturally been very bitter on account of his chief having married Rhoda to Gideon. Petrovitch also expressed great satisfaction at having secured, as he believed, a wife for Alf, who would keep him from going back to the English gipsies, in their present degraded condition.

"The true life of our people is not in this country, Alf, at least not in any of the towns—the smoky cloudy towns, with the people so ignorant and so careless of the arts for which the gipsies are made, and you cannot live without thieving in the country only. I came to England hoping to find something like the gipsey singing companies of my native land. They are the delight of the Russians. Ah, if you could hear them in Moscow. But then money making is not all in all there, and there is a perfect atmosphere, no smoke at all, except for less than an hour in the early morning, when the wood in the stoves is charred. After that the chimneys are closed from above, and in that city the gipsies burst into full power of song."

Petrovitch, to the surprise of his listeners, showed for a little while rapidly reviving strength, and enthusiastically dwelt on the past, present, and future life of his people. His heart was intensely with them, more and more as his life declined.

Your Friend
Henry Haigh

HENRY HAIGH, Tenor Singer of the Richings English Opera Troupe.

For Biographical Sketch see elsewhere.

"Never despise the gipsies, chi'd," he said to Fanny. "You know not what they are, what they can be."

"I suppose I can understand a little of it from Julio," she said, with a sly glance at Alf.

"Yes, yes," said the Tartar, "he is of the right sort, and so is Jack, there. What, Jack, you were a good performer of the cudgel dance in your younger days, I hear?"

"Until the trouble fell upon my son Absolon, and that took all the dance out of me. But tell me of those Moscow gipsies, if you can; I am interested in them. It is strange I have never heard of them before."

"Why," said Petrovitch, "greater people than I have said that Russia is the only country where people know how to sing."

"I can't agree with that."

"Jack, Jack, you have not heard them. They have a national music full of character and true melody. And more than half of it is gipsey."

Petrovitch beckoned to Fanny for his tea—a Russian compound with lemon and rum—and as he slowly sipped it, and smoothed his favorite cat, who purred beneath his great dark hand, he proceeded:—

"You know the magnificent Russian hymn, that was composed by Lvoft, and he has been a composer of songs for the gipsey companies of Moscow. Variamoff, a famous musical romance writer, has composed or arranged music for them. Glinka, the operatic composer, has harmonized a native gipsey melody, which is also introduced in the *ballet* music of the Spanish dancers, and that melody is now heard everywhere, even here; in the streets of England. The director of the Moscow Opera, Verstovsky, has written many songs for the gipsies, but in general, what these composers do, is to take a real gipsey song, and adapt it, trying to preserve the gipsey style. All or most of the various gipsey songs have refrains or responses. They sing, as you do in your camps when you are free of the towns, in circles, with the conductor and the best singer in the centre, the conductor with his guitar. Numbers of the rich of Moscow come to hear them sing in their habitations, where the troupes live their own life, as far as possible, disdaining chairs and benches, which are not to be compared for ease with the gipsey seats—I have groaned over them a thousand times in English houses. These habitations of the gipsies of Moscow are also restaurants—places for eating and drinking—and every evening there is such singing as cannot be heard elsewhere. But how is it? Why, the people of Moscow love and admire the gipsey troupes for their beauty, and their talent, and their loveable qualities. The great Catalani, after hearing the chief of a gipsey troupe, took from her shoulders a shawl that had been given her by the Russian empress, and placed it on that of the gipsey girl. But the English gipsies wither under cold contemptuous looks, and rigid laws, and smoky streets. They are proud, and will not sing for those who scoff at their race. What wonder? Well, then, my children, the only choice for you is to wake up your talents for your own sakes, and for the sake of your poor, depressed people. Show yourselves as what you are."

"But how is it to be done?" asked Falkland, gloomily.

Petrovitch made an indirect reply.

"I had hoped to do much for you all. I have done a little. I want Alf to carry on the work. He can now, if he will work, for he has the true gipsey genius, and I have shown him a path if he likes to pursue it, and I have also left him the means. Nothing will do with the English that bears the name of gipsey, therefore I have set in motion gipsey companies under another name—one of their own, but not so familiar, Ethiopian—only this has been seized for other purposes. The public has gone mad for nigger songs, although they have not shown the slightest appreciation of the far higher gipsey songs."

"I don't think they know anything of them—nor our dances either," said Alf.

"I am quite sure they don't," said Fanny. I declare *I* and my sister never knew what gipsey singing or dancing meant until I came into your Ethiopian troupe. The true gipsey performances are most delightful and can never be forgotten."

"There, then, you see what is wanted; make the talent of the gipseys known to those who think of them, and treat them as nothing but vagabonds, robbers and fortune tellers."

"I will help you to do this, Alf, if you are thoroughly in earnest," said Fanny.

"I have the willing mind."

"And you have free access to your foster father's tribe—he will help you to bring out those who are fit for your purpose."

"That I will," said Falkland, emphatically.

"Depend upon me, master," said Alf. I will do my best."

Petrovitch smiled, well satisfied.

"I leave you means," he repeated. "You could do little without."

"I understand what you wish, master."

"I think you do—but Fanny is to share the work—and the means."

"Yes," said Alf, wishing in his heart for another name instead of that.

Falkland heard his low sigh as he abruptly rose and crossed the room. His own heart ached for Alf, but, on reflection, he saw that Petrovitch had arranged for the best.

"Now, one last word to you," said Petrovitch. "I wish to see this marriage, but time will not tarry for me or you, and the appointed time for my departure draweth very nigh. So now, remember that you will best carry out my wishes by marrying directly after you have seen me laid in a part of Kensal Green Cemetery that I have marked out for Alf, and left with other things in my private cabinet, of which he has the key. In that obscure corner lie several gipsey musicians. One came from Russia with me. And now farewell. I have to speak with other friends, if my strength lasts."

"I think you are exerting yourself too much," said Alf, bending over him with affectionate reverence.

"No, lad, no. While I live my mind must act, and when I am doing anything for my people I am always strong. Farewell!"

The outer room was full of friends, including several foreign gipsies, who were in tears, and whispering together in a group apart. Once more Alf saw him, when he placed in his hand for Falkland a new gipsey melody that he had composed during his decline.

"It will serve for thy marriage song. Remember to help on my Ethiopian troup, and bring out the best singers of the tents," were his last words to Alf.

He passed away very quietly. Mrs. Vermont and Fanny saw that all was decently arranged in the Red House for the funeral. The two women they hired to make all clean could hardly get on with their work for making observations, so much was there to be seen that lay out of the range of their experience.

"And oh, the dirt!" for Petrovitch was neglectful of the niceties of domestic arrangement.

"And who would believe that such a variety of musical instruments were ever made—fiddles large and small, guitars of ever so many sorts, flutes and trumpets and pianners, and nobody knows what, enough to stock a museum."

"And the lots of foreign things; however did he get them all brought here?"

One thing very much pleased the charwomen; they had never drank such tea as they helped themselves to out of Petrovitch's tea-caddy.

"Ah, if everything furrin was only so good as that."

"That is Russian tea," said Mrs. Vermont; "the master said there was no such tea in England as they have in this country, where they drink it in public teahouses.

"I'd give much for a few pounds of it if I had the money."

"Mrs. Vermont took the hint and bestowed on the charwoman a little to take home for their husbands and children to partake of, and then discreetly removed the precious caddy. On the day of the funeral there was a numerous gathering of Petrovitch's recognized friends at the gipsey corner of the great cemetery, and when they had nearly withdrawn Jack Falkland led up to the spot a select few of his tribe to look down upon the musical chief, of whose last wishes and arrangements for their benefit Falkland had informed them.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHERE'S THE BRIDEGROOM?

In accordance with the wishes of Petrovitch, Alf, beginning his independent career as a London musician at the head of an important troupe of minstrel men and women, mostly gipsies of many hands, prepared to marry Fanny Forrester, his appointed partner in the work, within a month after the interment of the Tartar musician. The time was prescribed in Petrovitch's will, so that Alf had no choice in the matter. The day was to be spent in Mrs. Vermont's cottage, which was all alive making ready for the occasion.

The sisters kept down as much as they could all outward expression of gladness in respect for Petrovitch, but it was soon known in Shepley that Fanny and Alf were to enter into possession of the Red House in the Hollow, and keep up the musical connection, assisted by other friends of the Tartar musician to whom he had left legacies. What he had left to the pair more than the house and some of its contents, was not known to gossips for some time. The friends invited were Petrovitch's only, those who had known him intimately and understood his gipsey eccentricities. Falkland was there, but kept in the background. One deserter there was, the lively Albert, who felt "disgusted" at the prominence which the master had given to Alf.

"And I do believe the fellow is nothing but a low gipsey."

Albert did not quite know this for certain, but he remembered what had passed when first Alf entered the practising rooms at the Red House.

"I don't deny that he can sing, and has a voice—but so have others, and if he is something to look at—here Albert drew up his lanky figure before a chimney glass in his mother's front drawing room in a small villa in Shepley, and passed his fingers through the whiskers that adorned his commonplace features, as he added: "but the deuce is in it if I am not something to look at too. A fellow of wit and talent like me to be flung aside; just when I was thinking about asking mamma's consent to paying my addresses to Miss Forrester. It is a rascally shame, and I'll have no more to do with music or musicians, but I'll go into the merchant's office as mamma wished," a determination that mamma—a widow with a small income—was very glad to hear. And she thought Petrovitch had behaved very kindly to leave her son one of his violins.

Walter Greville proved to be of a different mind from his late fellow pupil. He had a less vain and selfish temper, and was rather more in Alf's confidence, and he readily agreed to join Alf's minstrel troupe—although the chief design of that troupe—to bring out gipsey talent—was vaguely intimated to him. However Walter guessed the truth, and his own candid opinion was that Alf's voice and talent were made to lead, and his own were made to follow. So they agreed very well. The fortnight before the marriage was a busy one for both, as well as for the rest of their troupe, preparing for winter concerts and original entertainments. Alf's only relief was in his profession, into which he plunged heart and soul. Of his coming marriage he dared not think much. Fanny, he said to himself and to her, was the only woman in the world he *could* have married "except *one* who was herself married."

Fanny was very fond of him, and quite willing to let his bygones be bygones. His nature was one that could hardly be unkind under any circumstances to any one. It was so temperate, sunny and sweet. Falkland had trained him to self control, and to all good principles that were known to him. There was little to fear in such a marriage excepting—that one great exception—that Alf might not love his wife as a husband should. But Fanny had captivating personal qualities, and might yet fix the restless heart that she doted on. As yet Alf knew nothing of Gideon's extreme cruelty to Rhoda—his divorce by ancient usage. For Falkland wisely judged that the less said of that matter the better—for the good of Fanny, the future prospects of Alf—and many other gipsies whom Petrovitch's will was intended to benefit. But it happened, unfortunately for Falkland's policy, that his eldest surviving son, who in a few months had shot up into a tall young man and was now respectably dressed, being in attendance on his father, waited outside Primrose Cottage, walking to and fro, where he would be little noticed. While the wedding breakfast was going on, there suddenly appeared his sister Rhoda, whom he believed to be many miles away and ignorant of what was going on. He started as from an apparition.

"I came here straight up from the west, brother, to see Alf. Tell me, if you can, where I may find him."

Her brother was very much moved by the sight of her, and by her piteous voice. He was very fond of his only sister, and resented in his own young mind the wrong she had endured. He had only heard three days ago of Gideon's terrible fate, and he, like most others of the gipsies, viewed it as a well merited judgment on him.

"Alf's in this house, but you must not see him."

"Why must I not? I have no husband now."

"But Alf has a wife, or will have in an hour or two. You ought not to have come here until you had spoken with father."

She leaned her head against a tree, and locked her hands in silent agony. Then she turned and said haughtily:—

"I have done no wrong to any of you, and I will not be rebuked without reason. You are all harsh and unkind."

"I know that I and my brother would do anything for you, if we only knew what to do to make you happier. But you see, Alf has gone up into a higher scale than ours."

"Ah, how is that?"

"The Tartar musician of the Red House who took Alf, you know, has made a gentleman of him; left him the house and money, and a wife, a young lady too. He won't live with us gipsies any more. But he is to try to make gentlemen and ladies of as many of us as can sing, and he has money left him for that, so I understand it. It's a strange turn in life for Alf, is it not, Rhoda? Life is full of strange turns, I think, and more painful than joyful, it seems to me when I look at you, Rhoda. How you are altered to be sure! your face has grown so sharp and haggard. You must come back to father and us, and we'll comfort you and bring the smiles back, and make you look a beauty again. Only I and brother think of joining Alf if he'll have us. You know *we* can sing, and so can *you*."

"Dear boy, I shall go back to my own people. Gideon's people will be mine now. And the dead may rest in quiet for aught I shall say against him while I live. He has wrought me swift and hopeless misery, but the judgment came on him for it all, and what more do we want? Let him rest in quiet."

"If," fiercely exclaimed the youth, "if I ever do see the place where he lies, I will spit upon it and curse him for a black dog that has ruined my sister."

"Peace, all that is nothing now to me. Here I come to a worse grief than any I have had. I parted with mother at daybreak this morning, until then she has not left me one hour. She is now over at the Five Fields House, and she knows I came hereabouts to find Alf, and now what do I find?"

"You must make the best of it, Rhoda. You wish him to do well, and us all, and I have told you good news of him, and father has has had something left him, but, I can't speak precise about that yet. Besides you see, Alf is going to help us all into something better than our wild ways. Absolon would have been glad I know if he were living."

"And I will try to be glad for you all," said Rhoda, as a cheery smile broke over her altered but still beautiful face. "I see that it is all right, it is all happy, it is all good, and as for me, I will go to my people and try and—be happy too. Good bye, dear, don't trouble about me. There's many a woman in the world more miserable than me. Go you to Alf, and hold to him."

She turned from him, and walked swiftly round the corner of the trellised cottage, stepped close to a pretty bow window, that was screened with blooming flowers, and peering through, shot such a look as no pen or pencil could describe, from her large, full, brilliant, gipsey eyes, toward Alf himself, whom she beheld, now sitting, now standing at a breakfast table, between two ladies, evidently sisters, dressed nearly alike, in pearl grey silk, and with handsomely braided up hair, adorned with a few flowers. Rhoda's searching glance took in swiftly the whole interior. The pretty tasteful parlor, with open piano, and guitars hung upon the wall—the friends assembled; the smart little children of Mrs. Vermont, in white frocks; the neat breakfast dishes; the coffee, tea and decanter; the servant in waiting, with white ribbons in her cap: all, and everything, Rhoda noted at that remarkable scene. But most of all, her observation took in Alf's appearance and that of his bride. No need to ask which of the sisters she was. The youngest was every instant looking up in his face with a bright, warm smile, that told only too plainly. Was it Rhoda's fancy, or was there a gravity and sadness on his brow, that contradicted his answering smiles? Her gaze was riveted upon him. Ah, how glorious he seemed to her! The morning sunlight played about his head, with its well remembered lustrous black curling hair; which had never looked to her so shining, so beautiful as now.

"Then once—this once, I will look on him while I can, and then no more."

She lingered while healths were drunk, and brief speeches made, and a soft clapping of hands mingled with laughter.

"It is like a dream to me," murmured the unfortunate gipsey girl.

Then she covered her eyes to hide the gay scene from her sight, while a passionate wish possessed her that she might die there.

But death will not always come at the call, as many a sad wretch knows. Half hidden among the leaves of the foliage clustered about the window, she stood weeping—weeping, her whole frame convulsed, when her father's arm was passed around her, and her head fell heavily upon his shoulder. Her brother had sent him to remove her. Falkland lifted her from the ground and carried her to a garden attached to the cottage. Here a small covered cart was drawn up at a gate, and in this cart Rhoda was placed with all tenderness by

her father, who sprang in to accompany her, but Alf had caught a glimpse of Rhoda's figure, and he was at the side of the cart before any one had noticed his absence from the cottage parlor. At the sight of Rhoda, his long suppressed passion for her, and all his gipsey nature, burst forth an overwhelming torrent. He caught her to his arms, and sobbed frantically, as he rained kisses on her brow and cheek. The father and brother were powerless for the moment, and they looked at each other in silent perplexity. Alf had just sufficient reason left to withdraw her into the cart, under the cover of the canvas hood. Falkland and his son looked carefully about to guard against beholders, but there was only a stray pig and a fowl and her chicks. TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1869.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Nos. 88 and 90 Centre st., corner of Leonard.
Box 7,580 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes, and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday Evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

BLUE JACKET, Philadelphia.—We cannot inform you when, if at all, the Athletics and Mutuals are to come together. We have the Gold Ball in our possession; a series of games between these two clubs is necessary for its disposal, unless either club should refuse to meet the other; in which event it will be given to the club willing to play. It was to be presented to the club winning the championship of 1868, after each competitor for the honor had been allowed a chance to play for it. By a system of collusion and trickery between certain aspiring clubs in this vicinity, the Athletics alone were deprived of an opportunity to play for the Ball; hence, we still hold it, subject to a series of games as above stated. It was our desire that the two clubs should meet early this season, and settle the matter by playing together, but they have permitted the time to pass without, thus far taking any action. 3. We have no direct evidence of "another conspiracy" to deprive the Athletics of a chance again for the championship this year. If you have any evidence on this point, let us have the facts.

C. F. H.—John Brougham took his railroad trip to Philadelphia on the occasion of his playing in that city and New York on Thursday evening, November 13th, 1856. The company with Mr. B. played the "Stage Struck Irishman" at the Old Bowery theatre, this city, which terminated at half-past seven. They then took stages for the city and took a ferry boat to Jersey City by cars, at 7.52 arriving in Philadelphia at the Washington Depot, at 10 o'clock. The party then took stages to the National Theatre, where they commenced the performance of "Pocahontas" at half-past ten. The company returned to New York that night.

H. WOODSTOCK.—1. Dexter's best one mile time, in harness, was 2:17¼, which is the fastest upon record. His best saddle time is 2:18, also the fastest recorded. The first was made at Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 14, 1867, and the latter at same place, Aug. 18, 1866. 2. Trustee trotted our miles in 11:36, in harness. 3. Capt. McGowan trotted twenty miles in 58:25, at Riverside Park, Boston, Mass.

SHERRY.—Royal blood is not superior to any other blood that we know of; on the contrary, it is not so good in many instances, because of the deterioration consequent upon intermarriage. In this latter species has been lavored with the *nom de plume* of "King Sevil."

SUB, East Cambridge, Mass.—The fastest properly authenticated sculling time in this country for two miles is 19:35, made by Clark, at Boston. The time made by Brown and Hayeock at Lachine, Canada, was 15:23 and 13:40½, but the course was manifestly considerably less than two miles in length.

TRENTON, Boston.—With the talent you claim to have, we think you will have no difficulty in getting an engagement, as accomplished singers are always in demand. Your better plan would be to put yourself in correspondence with managers by advertising in the CLIPPER.

CUBIO, San Francisco.—1. He is the same that appeared in the "Black Crook" and "White Fawn" in this city. 2. She is the wife of J. H. Barrett. 3. He is a good actor, but in old men parts is not superior to Mr. Gilbert.

CRIBBAGE.—"A plays a seven, and B an eight, taking two for fifteen; then C a nine, taking three for a sequence; when A plays another seven, and claims three for a sequence. Is he entitled thereto?" Yes.

NORTH END, Boston, Mass.—The Superior, we believe, as she is on the record as having accomplished the distance in 1 hour 54 minutes and 30 seconds. If you can state the year in which the race took place, we can answer positively, as it has slipped our memory.

FLOOD TIDE, Philadelphia, Pa.—We do not exactly comprehend your question. You say that Eckley had an extra pair of oars *in his boat*, and yet, after breaking one of those in use, he *came back* and obtained another. State it clearly.

GIPSEY.—We don't remember any such advertisement in any paper, so we are unable to give you any information. Employ a lawyer. J. G. Boyd, CLIPPER BUILDING, will make the necessary search and attend to it for you.

A AND B.—The wager is won by A, of course, as the Atlantics *did* beat the Mary lands by fifteen runs. So any argument advanced by B is ridiculous in the extreme; but you know the old adage—"drowning men," etc.

B. M., First avenue, N. Y.—Betting on a sure thing is quite in order, providing no fraud is intended, by the better thereof, and the winner is entitled to the stakes. We do not answer correspondents by mail.

JOHNNY, Louisville.—Ada Boshell is traveling with a variety show. Jennie and Annie Smith have retired from the profession and live in this city. We do not give the private addresses of lady professionals.

COLORADO.—It is customary for the backers of the men to give them a percentage, according to the amount of their winnings. It is however, entirely optional, and you can give all, a part, or nothing at all, just as you choose. He has no right to claim anything.

H. IVES, Providence, R. I.—The time given by the judges in that race was 1:47½, for the Harwards, and 1:48½, for the Lakes, which is on the record. You are mistaken in supposing that a different announcement was afterwards made—at least authoritatively.

INQUISITIVE, Salem, O.—1. You cannot obtain them anywhere that we are aware of. 2. Three times each time with Dudley, and being beaten in all.

NEWSMONGER, Dayton, O.—1. Morrissey has appeared only thrice in the ring, viz.:—with George Thompson (Bob McLaren), Yankee Sullivan, and Heenan. 2. No.

TIP, Troy, N. Y.—If you should happen to bet on the winners in a majority of instances, of course it would pay; if on the losers, then it would not. Refrain from investing, we think.

CLAYWELL, Baltimore.—There is no such institution. Your better plan would be to place yourself in charge of some good elocutionist.

K-NO-U-S, Newport, Ky.—We cannot find room to give the information you wish. Apply to some of the boating men in your neighborhood.

J. A. E.—East Saginaw, Mich.—Yes, but if the ball is thrown to the base which he vacates and is held there, then the runner is out.

J. W. M., Bloomington.—If the Forest Citys are strictly amateurs, they certainly stand at the head. In this section of the country the Stars, of Brooklyn, are the best.

NARRAGANSETT, Providence, R. I.—In their race with the Yales at Lake Quinsigamond, in 1868, the Harvard six oared crew made the three miles in 17 minutes 48½ seconds.

PAT.—Norcross was opened by Christopher Campbell, as a minstrel hall. Sam Sharpley opened there with his minstrels, June 12, 1865. Tony Pastor took possession, July 31, 1865.

QUOTE.—You will will find it in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," act second, so he fourth, "she sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief."

R. N., Sparta, Wis.—Thank you. We shall be glad to hear from you on sporting and theatrical subjects whenever it may be convenient for you to write.

PITTSBURGHER.—McCoole beat Bill Blake and Tom Jennings previous to his fight with Coburn—those were his only recorded fights up to that time.

E. H. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—1 We cannot devote the time to the research necessary to answer your question. 2. The Central America was lost in 1858.

SUBSCRIBER.—1. "And thou, Ot Brutus." 2. When an over is owned in which no runs are made, it is called a "maiden over," that is, without issue. 3. Cricket.

EYE OPENER, San Francisco.—We already have correspondents by our city, as you will perceive on looking over our dramatic summary.

POLICE SPY.—No; the only time they have met since that date was at the Fashion Course, L. I. July 12th, when American Girl won.

A YOUNG READER, Cincinnati, O.—1. McCoole fought Bill Blake and Tom Jennings previous to his fight with Coburn. 2. Jones died at or near Leavenworth, Ind.

J. M. W., Utica, N. Y.—1. Your previous favor failed to reach us, which will account for its omission. 2. We cannot take time to search for the information you wish until next week.

J. E.—They are at present in this city, and a letter to this office will reach them.

PETER.—1. See answer to Tommy Dodd. 2. He knocked him out of time in the seventh round.

TOMMY DODD.—1. His wife died during the past year. 2. Billy Emerson.

OLD BOUNDER, Wilmington.—He has played several engagements at Niblo's Garden.

DON JUAN, Baltimore.—You will find one at the Post Office each week.

AGRA, St. Louis.—Anything fresh and of general interest will be acceptable.

W. E. McC., Baltimore.—Received. Will appear soon. Do the three tallies sent complete the artiller.

S. F. B., Lafayette, Ind.—Write to Dick & Fitzgerald, publishers, this city.

J. B. S., New York.—Twenty-four to five is a better score than 31 to 10.

CONSTANT READER, Schenectady.—We do not know. Write to John W. Scofield, Box 15, Lansingburgh, N. Y.

CARTRIDGE, No.—1. The Athletics will play the same nine as last year, with the exception of Wilson. 2. Yes.

GIRARD HOUSE, Philadelphia, Pa.—We do not know. Better address a letter to Sam'l Keys, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ACTOR, Boston, Mass.—1. No, he does not. 2 Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle."

J. J. N., Stroudsburg, Pa.—As it was not a game, we cannot give the account space.

P. H. R., Kansas City.—Altogether out of our line. Communicate with some professional railroad man, or a lawyer.

CLIPPER, Baltimore.—1. Lotta is at present in San Francisco, Cal. 2. Mr. McWade is in this city. 3. Eighteen places of amusement.

S. C., Buffalo.—A player may order up his partner and then go alone.

H. G. C., New Orleans.—We shall be pleased to hear from you in the way proposed, and at your own convenience.

INQUIRER.—Lotta has not yet reached her twenty-second birthday.

SAW DUST, Detroit.—A letter directed to Franklin, Essex County, N. J., will reach Eaton Stone.

FRANK, Calais.—The lady is at present in this city, but not engaged at any theatre.

ED., Hollyoke.—The number of steps is generally stated before commencing.

FRANK, Allegheny, Pa.—The fastest recorded sculling time for five miles in this country is 25:10, made by Joe Ward.

STAKEHOLDER, Petroleum Centre, Pa.—The best mile trotting time on record was made by Dexter, in harness, viz., 2:17¼.

OLD READER, St. Louis, Mo.—Nearly all shoemakers have a preparation for repairing rubber shoes.

G. M., Bridgeport, Ct.—Heenan and King are of an equal height, viz., 6 feet 1¼ in.

CONTRIBUTOR, Philadelphia, Pa.—Heenan and Sayers fought on April 17th, 1860.

A CONSTANT READER, Illion.—Not in this country. In England J. Underwood walked two miles in 15:39.

VAL.—She commences her starring tour in November, but as yet has not arranged to appear at any time previous.

M. F. A., Adrian, Mich.—You had better remain where you are until you become of age.

P. K. K., Schenectady.—All having passed, A can play it alone if he sees fit to do so.

ONE ARMED SOLDIER.—We shall publish a list of State Fairs in September.

O. L. F.—Thanks for your researches—have sent required pamphlets by this mail.

D. K. PRESCOTT.—You gave us no address. We shall publish a list of State Fairs in September.

RUSES, Baltimore.—Your verses are quite inappropriate to the month of August, and are therefore respectfully declined.

E. F., Geneva, N. Y.—One referee and two umpires, so called, is the usual custom.

AZAX, Catskill.—A having taken it up, B cannot play it alone against him.

L. E. O., Little Rock.—There is no name attached to your note and without that your card would be of no value.

AN ACTOR, Pittsburgh.—Should have attached his proper name to the charge.

A. R. M., Portland, Me.—When the count for game is equal, the non-dealer takes the point.

HARRY R., Laporte, Ind.—The highest deals consequently the five won it.

M. W., Jersey City, Pa.—1. *Bell's Life* is published semi-weekly. 2. No.

BILLY, Honesdale.—The song of "Dalsie Dean" is more than four years old.

ARTHUR, Cincinnati.—E. A. Locke has been married. He was divorced from Isabella Howitt in Rochester, N. Y., June 23d, 1858.

WILL H., New Orleans.—He is at present in this city, and a letter sent to this office will reach him.

TOM MCALPINE.—The address of this boxer is inquired for by a correspondent.

A. B., Sandusky O.—Aaron Jones died Feb. 16th of the present year.

G. G.—Address Wm. Wood, care of this office.

FRANK, Council Bluffs.—Fifteen cents per line.

A. B.—They are not one and the same individual.

JOHN DOLT, Gymnast.—We have a letter for you.

F. S., Quincy, Ill.—We cannot spare the necessary space.

W. C.—He was married only once.

CONSTANT READER, Omaha.—1. *Daily News.* 2 *Ledger.*

J. L., Mansfield.—Write to L. W. Seavy, 648 Broadway, this city.

BULLERS & CO., Bradford, Mass.—Forty cents for each insertion.

HOLYOKE, Mass.—Having discovered his mistake he can rectify it.

A. A., San Francisco.—We are fully attended to in that line.

"F. I. W."—Received and will shortly appear.

SIMON, Williamsport, Pa.—We don't know of any such physician.

AN UNCERTAIN GAME.

We cannot get the hang of our base ball affairs this season. We have tried to get at the ins and the outs; we have studied the pitching and catching, short stop and centre field; been around all the bases and noted things by the way; but we are as far from understanding the bearings of the game as ever. The best of our clubs are beaten by second raters; and, after hauling off "for repairs," the first raters come forth rejuvenated, with new managers, and a nine greatly strengthened by superior players. So they enter the field again, encounter inferior clubs, and are beaten as before, just as easy as going to bed at night. We can't understand it, at all. "Our Jim," who is always advancing the most ridiculous opinions, says that the "little game" is now being played altogether for betting purposes; he says when the odds are the heaviest on a club, just at that very time the club loses, and somebody makes a barrel of money by having agents running around, careless-like, to pick up these odds; and he further says that there is a collision [collusion he probably means] between certain clubs, whereby it is mutually agreed that one club shall win the first game, the opposing club the second game, and the disposition of the third game is left for future reference, or "according to circumstances." In this way they get three chances at the gate money, to say nothing of the nice pickings in the way of outside bets, which nobody gets a crack at except "the fellers in the ring." He intimates that some of our very best players get into a streak of muffing just when they ought'nt to, and he thinks that a good deal of their muffing is done purposely, so that bettors may "make their wagers" on the right side. He also asserts that betting on base ball has now got to be a regular science, and if a feller can get "in" with the chaps that fix the slate, "he need'nt never do no more work," for he can win all the money he wants in backing the nine set down on the slate to win; he tries to make us believe that the men who used to bet on horse trots are doing a livelier trade in betting on base ball. But "Our Jim" is a simple minded youth, and don't understand what he is talking about. It is preposterous to suppose that "gentlemen of respectability" connected with base ball clubs would lend themselves to such illicit practices as James complains of. It cannot be expected that a club can win *every* game; and, if they *should* lose a game or two when the odds are the biggest in their favor, it does not *always* follow that the "thing was fixed," as Jim seems to insinuate, in his usually suspicious manner. The *best* of players are apt to muff a ball once in a while, and if they muff half a dozen in succession it does not *prove* anything—a man may have a sore hand or be near sighted, just at the time—*any* body may get near sighted by being exposed so long to the burning rays of the sun; its only a wonder to us that balls are caught at all; outsiders expect entirely too much of ball players; they think that they should always win when the public bet their money on them, not making the slightest allowance for accidents, or sore fingers, or near sightedness. If the public believe that their favorites are in the habit of "chucking" games, let the public go in and see if they can do any better. The public are *never* satisfied—last year they had the audacity to intimate that some of our best clubs were leagued together to prevent a "provincial club" from carrying off the gold ball and championship; and so artfully had they planned their accusations, that they succeeded in convincing some verdant people of the truth of this libel on our ball players. It is true that the "provincial club" referred to didn't get a chance to play for the Gold Ball and Championship, but should *our* clubs be censured for that? None of *our* clubs got the gold ball, so that it placed the "provincials" on an even footing with the metropolitans, and yet certain evil-minded sycophants dare to assert that the "provincials" were purposely debarred from playing for the trophy by *our* clubs. All these reports about collusion, throwing games, and betting, are about on a par, and are easily seen through if people will take the trouble to examine them thoroughly. It is even hinted now that another "ring" is formed to keep the championship in this vicinity for still another season. What nonsense! We think people would do much better by minding their own business, and letting the ball players attend to theirs as they think proper.

THE ECLIPSE.—There was a good deal of corner hanging in the streets on Saturday afternoon, and venders of smoked and colored glass did quite a brisk business for a little while, the great object of curiosity being the promised eclipse of the sun, and the shrouding of certain parts of the earth in a mantle of darkness, all of which came to pass as foretold. "Our Jim," who is always "on the make," had the audacity to advertise "a front attic window to let, from which an unobstructed view of the eclipse could be had, free from the annoyances of a street crowd." We are not aware that he took in any one. In memory of the grand phenomenon of the day, a few lines may not be uninteresting:

In all of the streets of the town
There crowded a multitude vast,
All armed with their bits of smoked glass,
To view the eclipse ere it pass'd;

The Sun, being struck with fair Luna,
And wishing his mistress to spark,
Abruptly took absence from duty,
And left the folks all in the dark.

But his wit seemed to end in misfortune,
For his black looks quite darkened creation,
While the lesser was anxiously looked for,
By people of every station.

Could an ancient his tomb have forsaken,
He'd have said: "Things have reached a queer pass;
The people are surely all dandies,
For every one looks through a glass."

THE LAST OF EARTH.—If all the stories on this subject we hear are to be credited, it would appear that certain parties have been engaged in the not very creditable business of gathering the bones left upon the battle fields of the late war, and converting them into manure. If some humane people do not head them off by collecting the bones and giving them decent burial, these mean wretches will continue to misuse these scattered remains until not a bone remains for them to gather together.

STRIKING.—The *Cincinnati Commercial* makes the horrid suggestion to Tom Allen, to "punch" the head of our late executive, Andy Johnson, on the ground that Tom would thereby make himself famous by "striking the nation's lyre." We may be pardoned for suggesting to Thomas that it may not be Y's to confine himself to the EX's. Were he to operate upon the ivories of our present peaceable President, he might give occupation to some of his Dent-ist relatives.

OFF FOR ALBANY.—GUS. Phillips, who has amused CLIPPER readers for some time by his broken Dutch essays, under the *nom de plume* of "Oofty Gooft," has been nominated as Assemblyman from the Washington Heights District, we are informed, and as his nomination is considered tantamount to his election, we cannot be far wide of the mark when we say he's off for Albany in a few weeks; can we Sharley?

SOME DEEP-THINKING PHILOSOPHER asserts that nothing can be sold without some body buys it, consequently cannot be sold before it is bought. "Our Jim" begs to differ. He says such is not the case with boots, which are always *soled* before they are bought by anybody.

SAD CASE.—A young man was drowned while bathing at Cape May on the 1st inst. Had he been able to swim a half mile or so to the *life* boat (*a* with boat would be more proper) he *might* have been taken in, and saved.

SEE HERE.—Why is Fisler, of the Athletic nine, like molasses? Not because he is sweet, or brown, or any thing of the sort; but because whenever a "fly" touches him, it *sticks*.

PHILADELPHIA is in mourning, nearly three millions of dollars worth of whiskey having been destroyed by fire, and thus wasted, on Wednesday evening, Aug 4th.

OUR JIM, who is always hanging round the kitchen and such places, says the best dress for washing is a *laundress*.

DROPPING A LINE.—Laying the new ocean telegraph.

MOTTO FOR PLASTERERS.—Lathe and grow fat.

SHAW TO CONBOY.—The following explains itself:—

NEW YORK, August 8.

EDITOR OF N. Y. CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR.—I see in your last week's issue that I am announced to walk a mile inside of 8 minutes with John Conroy, at Hen. Bagley's benefit. This is quite unauthorized, as I intend to do no such thing; but as Mr. Conroy has thought fit to compare his walking capabilities with mine, I submit the following propositions to him:—I will give him 25 yards start in one mile for $25, or $50 a side, or if that does not suit him, I will give him two minutes start in four miles for $100 a side. The man and money will be ready at FRANK BURNS', House of Commons, 25 West Houston street, on Saturday evening, August 14th, from the hours of 8 till 10 o'clock. I am, sir, yours respectfully,

JAMES SHAW.

J. ADAMS, the ped, was to walk three miles while A. P. Messinger rode five, at the Curriculum, Jersey City, on the night of the 9th inst. In a recent issue an unfortunate typographical error occurred, by which, in speaking of Adams, we were made to call him a "bummer," when we intended to say "hummer"—words having a widely different signification.

Squibs and Things.

—The Antiquarian Society (of Scotland) have just received, as a donation, the sea chest and a carved cocoanut cup, which were the property of Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, which he had in his solitary residence on Juan Fernadez, it is said.

—Edward Brehm, who was crowned King at the recent Scheutzenfest of the Jersey City Scheutzen Corps, and presented with first prize and gold medal, was also awarded another gold medal on the 6th inst., for having struck the greater number of centres.

—A German, fishing near Lafayette, Ind., caught a large pike. The hook being fastened down its throat, the German put in his thumb to get it out, when Mr. Pike shut down on it, and bit the thumb off. It was a terrible bite the fisherman got.

—A boa constrictor at a side show to a circus in Chicago, on the 30th ult., became enraged, and coiling itself around the arm of the exhibitor, squeezed the limb severely. It required the efforts of three men to release the exhibitor.

—Among the attractions in Union Park, Chicago, are four eagles, a grizzly bear, a badger, a gray wolf and a red fox. Lincoln Park, of the same city, has a pair of buffaloes, a wild cat, and an alligator from the Gulf of Mexico.

—A party fishing in White Bear Lake, Minnesota, came up with a fat buck, which made fight with the boat, but the battle ended in the drowning of the buck, which weighed 250 pounds. It was curious game for fishermen to take.

—Wm. Pierce, a white friend and brother, has been swindling a number of blacks in Richmond by initiating them in the mysteries of bogus Free Masonry. Pierce's free manners mystified them more than his free masonry.

—Marriages dull; engagements depressed; courtships good and prime; scandal overstocked; belles plenty; beaux scarce and of poor quality, is the latest report of the matrimonial stock market of Bennington, Vt.

—Katie Pitt is the name of a little girl in Platte county, Mo., who has just received a premium for committing to memory 13,657 verses of the Bible. This cramming should entitle her to the *soubriquet* of Katie Did.

—The fishermen from Friendship, Me., have thus far caught more fish than usual, and of a better quality. Seven of the fishing schooners have caught and landed 700 quintals since the 5th of July.

—At sunrise on the 7th inst., the thermometer marked a temperature of 50 degrees in this city, while near Montreal, Canada, snow fell. It is thought that the eclipse had something to do with it.

—A runaway locomotive and tender recently made twenty-six miles in twenty-nine minutes on the Union Pacific Railroad. They "went through" in the best time on record on that road.

—The yacht Henrietta, at New London, Ct., was ordered to be seized last week by Marshal Barlow, if found fitting out for the Cubans, but she wasn't, so is free to "sail the seas over."

—Mr. Dudley A. Sargent, of Belfast, Me., has received the appointment of Professor of Gymnastics at Bowdoin College, and will take charge of that department of education in September.

—There is a man in the town of Horseheads, Pennsylvania, who offers to eat a bushel of cut hay on a wager. If the man is a fair sample of the inhabitants, the town is rightly named.

—South Bend, Indiana, has a "champion" laugher, "who claims that he can laugh louder, longer, heartier and more scientifically than any other man, white or black, in Indiana."

—63 sharks have been captured this season at the entrance of Mount Hope Bay, R. I. Ten were taken on the 31st ult., one of which was 8 feet long and weighed 250 pounds.

—The Fifth Regiment drum *corps*, Major P. T. Smith commanding, went on a target excursion on the 1st inst., at which the first prize, a gold medal, was won by George Fluhr.

—A young lady in Cairo, Miss., charges that city $100,000 for a broken leg, which goes to show that legs have increased in value since the "Black Crook" *furore* set in.

—New Britain, Conn., is infested with petty thieves, who take croquet sets from lawns and yards, and sometimes the harnesses from horses standing in the streets.

—Over 100 tons of frozen poultry, packed in ice during the winter, have been received and disposed of in Faneuil Hall market, in Boston, since the 1st of April.

—The boys in Polk county, Iowa, during the past seven months, have killed 4,640 gophers, for which the county has paid $464 bounty on the scalps.

—Madame Deslande, who created something of a sensation at Paris last winter, is generally considered the belle of Long Branch this season.

—A Frenchman has purchased 500 acres of swamp in Tennessee, and proposes raising frogs for the Memphis market. Ker-chunk!

—Lord Courtenay, the runaway bankrupt, traces his family from 1216. Some of his creditors would like to trace him just now.

—A duel was fought by Paul Cassagnac and Gustave Flourens, near Paris, on the 5th inst., and the latter received four wounds.

—A tame dove flew into the Congregational Church at Lyndon, Vt., on a recent Sunday, and perched on the parson's head.

—The Boston Athenæum has received a statue of the Carthagenian Girl, by Greenough, and a statue of a Greek Girl, by Wolf.

—Another horse fair is talked of in New Haven, Conn., and it is proposed to offer premiums to the amount of $7,000.

—20,000 elephants are slaughtered annually to supply the cutlers of Sheffield, Eng., with ivory.

—Gambling houses in Chicago have been closed, by order of the Superintendent of Police.

—A whale, 70 feet long, was recently caught off Birch Harbor, Me., by Capt. J. Bickford.

—Salmon fishing in Canada has been more successful this season than for many years.

—8,000,000,000 of eggs are laid in France yearly, and 2,000,000,000 in England.

—65,000 people visited Prospect Park, Brooklyn, during the last week in July.

—Panthers are said to be plenty and bold in Perry county, Ill.

—An 800lbs. nugget of lead ore was recently mined at Warren, Ill.

—Seals are seen swimming in Nantucket waters almost daily.

BILLIARDS.

BILLIARD MATCH AT MONTREAL.

The match which was arranged early last month between Amedee Guillet and Frank Dion, came off on the 4th inst. The game was 1,000 points up, push shot barred, and was for $100 a side. Both men had ample opportunity, and taken advantage of it, to practice, and a rattling game was expected, Guillet being slightly the favorite. The play at first was very slow, neither one of the players making anything that could be called a run. It was not until the 16th innings that they warmed up, Guillet making a 41 and Frank matching it with a 47. The play from this out was very fair, Guillet making the largest runs, and nursing the balls in better style than his opponent. Frank was particularly excellent in his round-the-table shots, and played throughout with a great deal of nerve. The balls, if anything, ran better for Guillet than for Frank, who was most unfortunate in some very simple shots. Until after the half mile post had been passed, the game belonged to either, but a run of 100 by Guillet placed him 100 in advance, from which his opponent never recovered. Three fouls were claimed during the game, two on Guillet and one on Dion. Two were disallowed, but one on Guillet, where he touched the ball with his hand, was allowed. Mr. Morris, of Plattsburgh, acted as referee. The details of the game may be found below:—

A. GUILLET.—0, 2, 2, 0, 2, 20, 1, 5, 0, 0, 4, 6, 0, 2, 0, 41, 22, 5, 13, 57, 12, 0, 6, 13, 114, 24, 16, 23, 18, 2, 0, 18, 4, 3, 8, 0, 0, 6, 33, 25, 2, 9, 23, 0, 1, 10, 18, 1, 14, 4, 13, 6, 16, 0, 2, 1, 33, 13, 60, 7, 0, 0, 0, 13, 0, 23, 5, 11, 26, 5, 8, 26, 0, 0, 5—Total, 1,000. Average, 13, 51-73.

F. DION.—3, 5, 3, 6, 9, 4, 18, 21, 17, 0, 5, 2, 8, 4, 0, 47, 0, 32, 2, 37, 32, 10, 12, 9, 22, 9, 18, 29, 3, 12, 5, 0, 14, 0, 4, 7, 71, 2, 13, 0, 18, 11, 2, 0, 0, 18, 37, 0, 9, 4, 27, 0, 0, 0, 0, 5, 0, 0, 0, 14, 2, 38, 17, 4, 8, 0, 17, 34, 3, 11, 0—Total, 878. Average, 12, 7-36.

Largest runs—Guillet, 57, 112, 100, 60; Dion, 71, 87.

Notwithstanding this defeat, Frank stands ready to play Guillet again, any time within two months, the same game, at the same place, for any amount, from $100 upwards. Both men are very fairly matched, Guillet having a slight call; but two months' practice would, no doubt, sensibly improve Frank's game, as there is no doubt but that he has benefitted largely by practice since his last match.

STONE vs. FOSTER.

THE LATTER SUCCESSFUL.

One of the most remarkable contests at billiards ever witnessed, took place at Breed's Hall, Norwich, Conn., on the night of the 4th inst., the occasion being the playing of the first game of the home and home match between Melvin Foster, of New London, and young George Stone, of Norwich. The number of points was 1,000, played with 2¼th balls, on a second size Phelan and Collender carom table, push and crotch allowed. The stake was $200 a side, and Foster had contracted to discount his antagonist. Mattie Hewins, champion of Connecticut, having been chosen referee, at 7.50 the game was called. At 8.48 it was over. Winning the lead, Foster called upon Stone to play first. He counted, making a pretty five shot, and continued on up to 19, when he missed. It was now Foster's turn to play. He too counted at the very outset, and, executing brilliantly around the table, scored twenty, and then worked the light red and his opponent's ball into the left lower corner, where he soon had a perfect crotch. He piled two shots upon two shots in rapid style, scoring hundred after hundred, and never ceasing until, at the completion of his 499th shot, the marker called out "game." Thus was began and terminated a contest which three hundred persons, quite a number being ladies, had assembled to witness, and which, it had been thought, would prove highly interesting. Larger runs have been made in the crotch, but never before was a game played in one innings. In one sense, therefore, Foster's performance is unexampled, and in another he deserves credit. Leaving out of consideration the manual and visual labor attendant upon making 499 consecutive shots, Foster's crotching of the balls did not partake of chance. He had it in view when he made the match, and it was his constant aim to select it from the moment he took the cue in hand after Stone had ceased playing. The return game, also for $200 a side, is to be played in New London on the 11th inst., and let us hope, for the sake of those who may assemble to witness it, that Stone will not again be beaten 981 points.

ACKERMAN AND DODDS.—Fred. Ackerman, champion billiardist of Ohio, was in Pittsburgh lately, and played several friendly games with Wm. Dodds, champion of Western Pennsylvania. The first was at the opening of the Brunswick Billiard Rooms, on the 26th ult., and consisted of 500 points, push shot barred, on a carom table. It was won by Mr. Dodds, whose average was a little over fifteen, by 37 points. Dodd's highest run was 148; Ackerman's, 78. They then played a French game of 100 points up, which was also won by Dodds. On the afternoon of the 27th they came together in another contest of 500 points, but this time Ackerman won by over 300 points, averaging 47. In the evening they played another game of 500 points, which was also won by Mr. A. by the following score:—

Dodds.—2, 17, 30, 3, 49, 17, 6, 31, 0, 0, 56, 3, 8, 42, 13, 0, 2, 2, 0, 28—316. Average, 16⅝.

Ackerman.—0, 12, 26, 63, 50, 2, 0, 31, 22, 76, 9, 12, 63, 0, 18, 9, 21, 6, 6, 30—540—Average, 25.

DIGNON VS. WILMARTH.—These players, the first a resident of this city, and the second a denizen of Boston, and champion of Massachusetts, played a match for $200 at Haverhill, Mass., on the 30th ult., of which we give the score:—

WILMARTH.—6, 6, 18, 6, 3, 27, 20, 3, 3, 0, 30, 117, 6, 9, 3, 21, 3, 9, 9, 3, 3, 18, 3, 9, 3, 21, 24, 0, 3, 73, 12, 6, 3, 27, 21, 14, 2, 0, 15, 24, 39, 36, 0, 57, 1, 36, 24, 27, 33, 9, 6, 38, 57, 0, 0, 12, 41, 7—Total, 1,236.

DIGNON.—0, 33, 3, 0, 27, 0, 0, 1, 3, 0, 4, 15, 21, 9, 13, 6, 0, 6, 10, 3, 21, 117, 9, 27, 3, 0, 0, 6, 3, 15, 54, 12, 15, 0, 42, 6, 18, 9, 0, 0, 24, 0, 24, 3, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 12, 75, 12, 1, 3, 0, 24, 3, 9, 54—Total 735.

MUSIC HALL, HAVERHILL, MASS., July 30th, 1869.—Match for $200, between S. E. Wilmarth, of Boston, and Chas. Dignon, of New York; carems, 1,200 points; played with 2⅜ inch balls, on a second-size four pocket table, push and crotch prohibited. Score—Wilmarth, 1,201; Dignon, 735. Average—Wilmarth, 20 21-58; Dignon, 12 45-59. Best runs—117 by each. Referee—Samuel Colby, of Boston. Marker—C. E. Mills. Time of game—Two hours and twenty five minutes.

THE OHIO CHAMPIONSHIP.—After a silence of several weeks Fred Ackerman, the present holder of the Buckeye champion cue, has signified his acceptance of Tony Honing's challenge. The match will take place about the middle of September, but the place of the contest is as yet undecided. Honing is now in charge of the billiard saloon of the Gibson House, Cincinnati. At times his play is considered wonderfully good, but he is a mere boy, and is not always steady and reliable.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF MAINE.—The tournament for the championship of Maine is now in progress at Portland, having been inaugurated on the 2d inst. The contestants are George Swazey, J. M. Bonney, Henry Shiels, C. E. Smith and H. M. Smith. Next week we shall have a summary of the proceedings.

EXHIBITIONS.—On the night of the 10th inst., John Deery and Michael Phelan are to give an exhibition at 8 o'clock, at McDonough's, in Fourth avenue, and another at 10 o'clock in a room to be opened that night in Union square.

AQUATICS.

HAMILL AND COULTER'S MATCH.

ANOTHER FOUL AND FIZZLE.

As the majority of persons, judging from past occurrences, were led to anticipate, the match between James Hamill and Henry Coulter, for $500 a side, which was to have been decided on the Upper Monongahela course, at Pittsburgh on the 7th inst., ended in a grand fizzle, a foul occurring ere the boats had passed over two hundred yards of the five miles, and the referee, John M. King, deciding that both were equally to blame, and announcing the race a draw. The affair was a reproduction of the meeting between these oarsmen on the Schuylkill, June 21st, of last year, and will go very far to put an end to all interest in boat racing in that vicinity, for the thousands who turned out to witness the struggle were one and all supremely disgusted with the result. We extract the following account of the contest from the columns of the Pittsburgh *Republic* of the 8th inst:—

Everybody was on the *qui vive* when the judges, Robert C. Elliott for Hamill and Samuel Musgrave for Coulter, and the referee, John M. King, appeared in their respective boats, it was an hour half past four when the men got into position, and at first a false start was made, Coulter seeming to have the first pull. They got back into position again, being, it appears, at rather close quarters, when again the word "go" was given. This time they both shot off well together, Coulter having, however, the advantage of the lead. All was now excitement, and cheer after cheer went up from the assembled multitude, and the whistles on the steamboats screeched their loudest, a guide-boat for each was in front on their respective sides, Hamill having chosen the Pittsburgh side. A number of persons with horses and vehicles started down the road on the south side, intending to watch the race throughout, but they were soon brought to a halt and sadly disappointed. Coulter was leading about a quarter the length of the boat, when, at a point probably two hundred yards distant from the starting-place, the oars of the contestants crossed, and, in a moment, the bow of Hamill's boat veered from the shore, to be almost against the stern of that of Coulter. Hamill then threw up his hand and ceased to row, and then started to his headquarters. Coulter rested but an instant, when Hamill claimed foul, as if intending to stop and try it over, but his friends everywhere called upon him to go on, and on then he went and over the course.

When the collision occurred and Hamill "threw up" there was the wildest excitement among the spectators, and "loud, deep and open curses" were uttered by the friends of either party against the champion of the other. Hamill's friends claimed that there was a deliberate foul by Coulter, and *vice versa*. It was said that Coulter had taken Hamill's water without having been far enough ahead to do so, while on the other hand it was even claimed that Coulter was a quarter of a length ahead when Hamill turned into him. This, we are free to say, was wide of the mark. Excited partisans quarreled over the matter, and in several instances fights were imminent. Those who were upon the water, before, behind and on the outside of the parties differed in opinion and view of the difficulty as much as those on shore, so that it was impossible to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion about it. A number of men who had good positions for seeing the occurrence, have the most plausible and, perhaps, the most correct statement of the affair. They state that, in the first place, the men were too near together at the start, and that both approached each other gradually, so that the collision was inevitable and the fault of both. Coulter reached the starting point, after going over the course, in something like forty minutes and claimed the stakes. Soon after, it was announced that the referee would give his decision in the evening at the *Dispatch* office, whereupon everybody started home—a majority vowing that that was the last boat race they would attend.

THE DECISION.

At seven o'clock a large crowd assembled on Fifth street to await the announcement of the decision of the referee. Most of them in waiting were of the boaters, and of course anxious to learn how their chances stood. There were few persons outside of those thus pecuniarily interested who bothered themselves about the matter after supper, on account of

THE RING.

TOM ALLEN AND CHARLEY GALLAGHER.

WHAT OF THE MEN?

PARTICULARS OF THE ASSAULT ON SHERMAN THURSTON.

This is the last issue of our paper which will reach the majority of our readers before the arrival of the day agreed upon for the second battle between Tom Allen and Charley Gallagher, Tuesday, August 17th, everything connected with which now bears a very favorable aspect, which, it is to be hoped, will be the report until the end of the chapter. No further intelligence of an interesting character respecting the match has reached us since last week, save that all progresses as smoothly as could be desired, and the fourth deposit of $100 a side was deposited at Gallagher's saloon on Tuesday, 3d inst. The next and last deposit, of a similar amount, is to be planked at Allen's, on the evening of the 14th inst., between the hours of 8 and 10 o'clock. The particulars of the affray, briefly alluded to last week, in which Sher. Thurston was painfully wounded in several places, are as follows:—Capt. Mort. Burnham, a well known river pilot, John Scott, and two other gentlemen, were out taking an airing. Between eight and nine o'clock their driver stopped in front of a grocery in Eleardsville, nearly opposite the Abbey entrance on the St. Charles rock road. Seven or eight men, some of them partially intoxicated, were standing near, and one of them approached the carriage and remarked:—"I'm going to ride to town in this hack." Capt. Burnham returned:—"I guess not—this is engaged." The fellow, with offensive language, reiterated the assertion, and evinced an insulting and belligerent spirit. He at length applied an opprobrious epithet to the captain, who instantly jumped out of the carriage and a fight ensued between him and the man, whose name we did not learn, in which the pilot came out "first best." The friends of the rowdy then interfered and attacked the captain's party. About this time Sherman Thurston, Billy Carroll and two others drove up in a carriage. Knowing Capt. Burnham, Sherman jumped out of his hack and demanded fair play, when he himself was attacked, and laid his assailants out right and left, forcing at least three of them to "kiss mother earth." As he had laid out the third, some man, whose name was unknown to any of the city party, went into the grocery, and, returning with a pistol, came close to him and shot him three times—once behind the left ear, tearing the upper portion of the ear; once in the left cheek, about an inch above the upper lip, the bullet passing through the roof of said into the mouth, and once in the fleshy part of the left hip, reaching the bone. The shooting ended the "engagement," all the parties leaving as soon as possible. After being shot Sherman walked to his carriage and was driven home, where Dr. Jaminet was speedily summoned, and gave such surgical assistance as the case demanded. He pronounced the wound not fatal. At last accounts Thurston was getting on nicely, though the wounds, especially that in the mouth, are very painful. In the following letter, from our regular correspondent, will be found some interesting gossip:—

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 7, '69.

DEAR CLIPPER.—Last Saturday night O'Baldwin had a benefit at Carroll's Hall. I have witnessed many benefits, but this "took them all down." Perhaps it was owing to the interesting correspondence which took place between himself and Allen. The night was warm and sultry, and long before the appointed hour the house was crowded to suffocation. There was between 3,000 and 4,000 present. There could not have been less than 500 on the stairway and sidewalk, unable to gain admittance. All grades and nationalities were represented, and promiscuously huddled together, like Barnum's happy family of old. McCoole, and his trainer, Kelly, opened the ball, by a very lively set-to, which was cheered loudly by the audience. There is a marked difference in Mike's style of sparring now and when he put the gloves on with Allen. He has certainly benefitted under Kelly's tuition. The next noticeable set-to was between Kelly and Ben Hogan, and perhaps the most interesting of the evening's entertainment, owing to the challenge which Kelly issued to him through the CLIPPER. When they entered the ring, which was with great difficulty cleared, a yell went up, and both men approached each other cautiously. Tom led off with his right, which lit on Ben's proboscis, and Ben rushed at Tom, when some rapid take and give hitting ensued. They clinched and Ben grabbed Tom, and lifting him clean off the floor, deposited him on the knees of some of the audience. This occasioned some tall cheering and seemed to nettle Tom. When time was called, Tom again planted a nice one on Ben's mug, being evidently the most dexterous sparrer, when Ben sailed into Tom's affections right and left and clinched with him. He tried to repeat what he had done before, but this time he was not so successful, as Tom kept his "weather eye" open. Ben had the lower hold and tried hard to toss him, but Tom twisted his arm around and in the struggle both fell together. The wind-up was between O'Baldwin and Gallagher, and although Charley is a big, powerful man, he looked like a boy, comparatively speaking, alongside of his antagonist. This was a one-sided display of science—rather tame. O'Baldwin stated that if he had his trouble settled at the Hub, he would fight any man in the United States at 155 lbs. O'Baldwin and Kelly left here on Wednesday for Cincinnati, and McCoole left on Thursday to join them at that place. O'Baldwin will take a benefit at Cincinnati next Saturday night, and from there they intend to go to Buffalo and other cities. Gallagher acts like a young kitten in his daily exercises, and is anxious for the affair to come off. Allen goes through his manœuvring like a mathematician. He takes his morning and evening walks with great regularity, and receives his visitors in the afternoon as if his tasks were a matter of business. In a talk I had with him the other day, he said:—"We are fighting for money. I'm as good a citizen as any one of them, and I don't think O'Baldwin has ever declared his intentions to become a citizen. I think a good deal of Mr. McCoole as a private citizen, but he is no boxer, and Tom Kelly can't make him one. Dublin Tricks is in town, having been up the river boating, and intends to remain till after the Allen-Gallagher fight. Johnny Gaffney, Gallagher's partner, and a very lively young blood, made a bet of $500 this afternoon at the Sherman House, that Gallagher would lick Allen in less than twenty minutes. The bet was immediately covered by the proprietor of the St. Louis Billiard Rooms. The excitement is at fever heat. Sherman Thurston, Allen's assistant trainer, when returning last Sunday, in company with Billy Carroll, from Allen's training quarters, accidentally got into a fracas with some of the Butchertown boys. Thurston laid three or four of them out, when one of the party shot him in three or four places, one of the balls passing through his upper lip and the roof of his mouth. None of his cowardly assailants are known to either him or Carroll. He is getting along nicely and will be on his pins, he thinks, in time for the first fight. Yours, OBSERVER.

SAM COLLYER TO ABE HICKEN.

HE WILL FIGHT HIM FOR HIS OWN SUM.

WILL ABE GIVE SAM A SHOW?

It will he recollected that shortly subsequent to the battle between Abe Hicken and Pete Maguire, Sam Collyer issued a challenge to the accidental winner, which was couched in pretty strong terms, but to the surprise of everybody Hicken made no response to it, but shortly afterward "skipped" beyond our borders, evidently, aside from other considerations, thinking that, between Collyer and Maguire, things were getting uncomfortably hot for him. Sam thought that his chances of effecting a match with Abe were hopeless, in consequence, but, as the latter has lately shown up again, the "Phenomenon" makes another attempt to reach him, as will be seen by the following sharp card. Collyer signs himself "Champion," and it must be admitted that as he has used all his endeavors to induce both Edwards and Hicken to meet him in the ring, without avail, he has the best right to so style himself of any boxer now before the public. If Hicken, or others, think contrawise, here is an opportunity to assert their claims. Read Sam's card:—

NEW YORK, August 9th, 1869.

EDITOR OF NEW YORK CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR.—After Abe Hicken's fight with Peter Maguire, I sent a challenge to your office for him, but instead of reply ng to it he ran away, partly, I am convinced, because he was afraid to meet me in a fair fight, which I am very anxious to have with him, particularly on account of his actions during the fight between Edwards and myself, and his talk against me at that time and since. When I arriv d in Boston a few days ago, I learned that he had just left, and I now hear that he is going to California. I wish to say that my friends in Baltimore will back me to fight him for any sum he names from $1,000 upwards, and if Hicken has the heart to back up the braggadocis in which he has indulged when I was not present let him appoint a place of meeting, and I'll guarantee that I'll not throw any obstacle in the way of a match. If he is on his way west, I'm willing to meet him half way to sign articles. I think I can whip him, and I want to fight him above all others. I shall expect an early and favorable re ly to this, and if it don't come the public will set him down for a braggart, devoid of the courage to make good his loud-mouthed assertions. As I consider that I have a right to the title, I sign myself, SAM COLLYER,

Champion o Light Weight

ALLEN AND McCOOLE'S MATCH.

There is but little fresh to communicate in relation to this heavy-weight match, which continues to enlist the attention of the public, who view it in the light of one of the most important pugilistic events ever arranged upon our shores. The third deposit, $500 a side, was staked at Billy Carroll's on Saturday evening, 7th instant, in presence of a numerous delegation of the fancy, who for a considerable length of time engaged in chaffing, offering bets upon their favorites and giving the bartenders something to do to keep 'em out of mischi f the while. The fourth instalment, of a like amount, has to be deposited at Charley Gallagher's on the evening of September 4th. Mr. Charles J. Foster, the representative of the gentleman chosen for final stakeholder, has addressed a letter to the backers of the men, declining to hold the stakes in the absence of the person alluded to, seemingly being actuated in so doing by the belief that there will be "war in the camp." This necessitates the selection of some other person, and who that person will be has not yet transpired. The exchange of paper and verbal bullets between Allen and O'Baldwin has not assumed any new phase, but both seem to be keeping a civil tongue in their heads, which, for the present, at least, is their wisest plan.

GRAND TESTIMONIAL TO NED JAMES.—In last week's issue we announced the fact that Ned James, for a long time an *attache* of the CLIPPER, had returned from Europe, whither he had gone for the purpose of consulting eminent oculists in London, Paris, Berlin and other cities of the old continent in regard to his eyes. We regret to state that, though having used every effort in his power, (consulting fifty of the most skillful practitioners in Europe and America,) his eyesight has not been benefited in the slightest degree. In view of this fact, and as an evidence of their sympathy for his misfortune and appreciation of him as a man, a movement has been started by his friends with a view of tendering him a complimentary testimonial in the shape of a grand out door entertainment, in which will be combined a pic-nic and mammoth athletic festival. For this purpose the gentlemen having the matter in charge have secured Jones' Wood for the afternoon and evening of Saturday, August 21st, and such arrangements are being made as are calculated to ensure the success of the proposed benefit, as well as afford the most complete satisfaction to all who attend. In addition to the music and terpsichorean portion of the entertainment, the programme embraces pedestrianism, velocipede racing and fancy riding, gymnastic exercises, parlor swinging, parlor skating, boat racing, fancy swimming, tightrope walking, sparring, sack racing, clog and jig dancing, comic and sentimental singing, banjoists, etc.—all by well known and accomplished performers, the whole probably forming one of the largest and most attractive exhibitions of the kind ever gotten up in this city. A number of prominent artists in the various branches of sport, etc., mentioned above, have already volunteered, and all others who are willing to assist are requested to send in their names addressed to "Managing Committee," care of NEW YORK CLIPPER, at once, in order that they may appear on the "bills of the play" soon to be issued. The object is calculated to elicit the support of both the sporting and theatrical profession, as well as others, for Mr. James has done much in their behalf in the past, and, therefore, a strong turnout may be justly expected upon the occasion. Those desiring tickets can procure them at this office. A list of the volunteers will appear in our next issue.

JEM MACE'S PROJECTED VISIT TO NEW YORK.—A few days ago, one of our *attaches* received a letter from Jem Mace, dated Liverpool, July 23d, stating that he, in company with his cousin, Polonius, or Pooly Mace, and Fred Abrahams, the agent, had engaged passage by the Inman steamship, City of Antwerp, and would leave Liverpool for this city on the 29th of July. In this letter a request was made of the gentleman addressed to engage a hotel for the party, and also to try and negotiate an engagement, both of which were attended to, the party having business with Mace in England believing he really meant business this time. Jus before going to press, however, another letter from Mr. Mace, dated Liverpool, July, 27th came to hand, stating that he was not coming until September, owing to his having been engaged by Samuel Colville to appear at Wood's Museum. Whether any such engagement has been made, we know not, but people have had so much of this kind of humbug on the part of Mace that few will believe the statements he may from time to time make about coming to this country. We fear he has already delayed his visit too long, and do not think he will realize the fortune anticipated when he comes, if he ever does.

SPARRING AT CENTRAL HALL.—Billy Bennett, an obliging young fellow, and a rounder to boot, is up for a sparring benefit on Saturday night, the 14th inst., at Central Hall, Eighth avenue and Thirty-fourth street. He is pretty sure of a bumper.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Johnny Dwyer, Jack Goulding, Mike Coburn, Ed. Russell and Tim Hussey.

BASE BALL.

GAMES OF THE "RED STOCKINGS."

CINCINNATI vs. FOREST CITY.

The third game of the recent series between the Cincinnati and the Forest City Club, of Rockford, Ill., was played at Ogden Park, Chicago, on the afternoon of the 31st ult., and the reputation of the contestants was sufficient to bring together about eight thousand spectators. The display did not give satisfaction, however, as it was characterized by considerable mufflonism upon both sides. The weak point of the Rockfords seemed to be in their fielding. This accounts for the unpardonable score which the "Red Stockings" made in the third, fourth and sixth innings. On the sixth innings, when nineteen tallies were made, the "Red Stockings" batted their balls into the field with perfect impunity. It was a general remark that, no matter where a ball was sent there were none of the Rockfords in the field to receive it. Notwithstanding that public opinion was decidedly in their favor, and that the crowd took every occasion to show which way lay their sympathies, the Rockfords played so inexcusably poor at the best point of the game, that the crowd became disgusted. The "Red Stockings," also, whether from motive or want of interest, showed rather more fluctuation in their play than is usual with good players. At times their fie.ding was splendid, and then again showed a negligence that would appear to arise only from design. Neither club, although both had several splendid opportunities, made any very fine double plays. We give the score:—

CINCINNATI.	H.	L.	R.	FOREST CITY.	H.	L.	R.
G. Wright, s.s	2	8		Barnes, s.s	3	4	
Gould, 1st b	5	5		Hastings, 2d b	2	5	
Waterman, 3d b	1	1		Adey, c	1	5	
Allison, c	2	5		Foley, 3d b	0	3	
H. Wright, c f	5	4		Cheney, c f	4	1	
Leonard, l f	4	5		Osborne, r f	4	3	
Brainard, p	1	8		Barker, p	0	6	
Sweasy, 2d b	2	6		Cone, 1st b	5	5	
McVey, r f	5	4		Spalding, p	0	7	
Total	53			Total	34		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Cincinnati	1	0	9	9	1	19	10	2	2	—53
Forest City	1	0	4	4	2	0	4	7	13	—32

CINCINNATI vs. CENTRAL CITY.

On Wednesday, 4th inst., the "Red Stockings" encountered the Central City Club, of Syracuse, the latter having "taken in" Porkopolis on their "tower." The game opened with every prospect of being a first class muffin game, everybody playing carelessly and without any apparent energy. George Wright, in particular, distinguished himself by muffing a good fly on the in-field, after requesting every one to keep out of the way and let him take it. He atoned for it a few minutes afterwards by taking a hot liner from the bat, and, with Gould and Allison, making a fine triple play, putting the side out. In the fourth innings the play improved, each side appearing to settle down to the work. Sweasy only saved a whitewash for the Cincinnatis by making a home run, after two men were out, the side going out on the next hit, on an easy fly taken by Yale. In the fifth innings the Syracuse boys made one tally and then retired in one, two, three order; the Cincinnatis did the same thing in their turn, Porter taking three fine flies in succession in most magnificent style. The next three innings counted nothing for the Central City and e ghteen for the Cincinnatis, chiefly by heavy batting, the fielding of the Central City Club being generally very good. The next innings gave two to the Central City and six to the Cincinnati, making the game 37 to 9 in favor of the Cincinnatis. Score:—

CENTRAL CITY.	H.	L.	R.	Ir.	T.	CINCINNATI.	H.	L.	R.	Ir.	T.
Yale, 1st b	3	3	4	4	0	G. Wright, s s	3	1	7	5	14
Porter, l f	5	1	1	4	0	Gould, 1st b	2	4	5	1	15
Adams s s	1	2	2	2	1	Waterman 3d b	2	5	4	1	6
Johnson, 2d b	3	1	1	1	1	Allison, c	1	6	0	0	0
Stark, r f	2	0	0	2	2	H. Wright, p	4	3	2	2	2
Crittenden, 3d b	4	0	0	2	2	Leonard, l f	3	3	3	1	2
Ferrer, c	4	0	9	0	1	Brainard, r f	6	2	1	1	2
Grace, p	2	1	2	3	5	Sweasy, 2d b	2	5	4	1	15
White, c	3	1	1	3	3	McVey, c f	3	4	2	2	2
Totals	27	9	13	16		Totals	27	37	24	16	56

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Central City	3	0	2	1	1	0	0	0	2	—9
Cincinnati	6	2	4	2	1	3	9	6	4	—37

Home runs—G. Wright, 2; Gould, 3; Sweasy, 3—8. Umpire—John Brockway, of the Great Western B. B. Club

The second game between the Central City and the Cincinnati club took place on Thursday, August 5. The playing was very p or on the part of the Cincinnatis, they making more muffs and mis plays than they were ever known to do before. Brainard was absent, his place being filled by Braiford, of the Juniors, and Allison played in the field, while Waterman caught. At the end of the seventh innings the game stood 22 to 22. The Cincinnatis began the eighth innings with an evident determination to do better, and had scored 13 when Harry Wright struck out. It was apparently the wish and intention of the Central City Club to run the play into the darkness, which was near bound, and have the game called on the seventh innings. Their captain insisted that Harry had struck out purposely, which Harry denied, and quite a discussion arose. During the discussion Leonard tallied and Sweasy went out at first, leaving McVey at the bat. At this point the captain of the Central City called his men in and refused to continue the game. After waiting five minutes, with McVey at the bat, the umpire called game on the eighth innings, the score being 36 to 22 in favor of the Cincinnatis. The following is the score:—

CINCINNATI.	H.	L.	R.	Ir.	T.	CENTRAL CITY.	H.	L.	R.	Ir.	T.
G. Wright	1	6	5	12		Yale	2	4	2	2	6
Gould	1	6	3	6		Porter	1	3	1	1	4
Waterman	3	4	3	7		White	3	2	1	1	4
Allison	3	4	3	7		Adams	3	1	1	3	4
H. Wright	3	2	4	5		Johnson	4	2	1	1	1
Leonard	2	4	5	6		Crittenden	2	3	3	0	6
Bradford	5	2	1	1		Stark	3	0	0	1	1
Sweasy	1	4	5	14		Grace	3	1	1	2	2
McVey	2	4	3	7		Dodge	1	3	2	2	2
Totals	21	36	32	65		Totals	21	22	14	13	28

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	
Cincinnati	2	3	3	2	6	4	2	14	—36
Central City	4	0	0	3	5	0	4	0	—22

Home runs—Sweasy, 2; G. Wright, 1; Gould, 1; Allison, 1—5; Porter, 1; White, 1—2. Umpire—Jos. Doyle, of Buckeye B. B. C.

CINCINNATI vs. FOREST CITY.

The 6th inst. was fixed upon for another meeting between the Cincinnati Club and the Forest City, of Cleveland, the latter being the best club in the State aside from the "Reds." The play was fine, there being not near as much muffing as in the previous games of the week. The regular nine of the Cincinnatis was out, playing their regular positions. If the Forest City boys were as good fielders as they are batters, they would be hard to beat. The feature of the game was the making of 19 runs by the Cincinnatis on the 6th innings, which virtually decided the game, though it is fair to say that this was done on a change of pitchers. Waterman was struck by the ball in the 5th innings and hurt quite severely, although he played the rest of the game except running oases, which was done by Geo. Wright. We give the innings score:—

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Cincinnati	0	4	0	0	5	2	19	3	2	1—35
Forest City	0	0	5	0	0	0	3	5	0	4—27

TOUR OF THE OLYMPICS.

THEIR GAMES IN WORCESTER AND BOSTON.

The Olympics, having made arrangements with several clubs in Massachusetts to pay them a visit, matured their plans to leave New York on Tuesday evening *via* Norwich and Worcester line, and accordingly the players were notified to meet at the boat at 4 o'clock on that day. The President, Mr. F. N. Scott, seeing that but five of the first nine had put in an appearance, made up his mind to postpone the trip, and telegraphed to the clerk east to that effect; but the boys who had showed up, having made some sacrifice to do so, concluded to start off weak, and did so, determined on having a good time if they could not win, arrived safely at Worcester the next morning, and were met at the depot by a committee from the Excelsiors of that city, headed by Mr. Rockwell, and escorted to the Waldo House, where quarters had been provided for them. Here they were taken in charge by Mr. B. J. Peabody, proprietor of the fair grounds, and to this gentleman they were indebted for many attentions during their visit. After a short sleep and other refreshments the Excelsiors called for them with a splendid team and carried them to the fair grounds, where they found a goodly number assembled to witness the game, which resulted as follows:—

OLYMPIC.	H.	L.	R.	Ir.	T.	EXCELSIOR.	H.	L.	R.	Ir.	T.
Tracey, s s	2	4	4	4	0	Hagan, p	5	2	3	3	0
Jones, 1 f	3	5	4	4	0	Hanlon, s s	4	2	5	5	1
Wardell, 1st b	4	2	4	2	0	J. Manning, 2d b	4	3	5	5	0
Scott, l f	2	4	3	4	0	Doten, s f	2	4	5	5	1
White, 3d b	2	4	2	4	0	Smith, 1 f	1	4	6	7	2
Myers, p	2	2	2	4	1	Rockwell, c	2	5	3	6	0
Edwards, c	2	2	4	6	0	W. Manning, 3d b	3	5	8	8	0
McCahill, 2d b	2	2	2	2	1	Foley, r f	0	4	9	13	4
Conovan, c f	2	3	3	3	0	Dunlee	3	2	3	3	1
Totals	24	26	26	31	2	Totals	24	29	44	50	9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Excelsior	0	1	3	5	7	0	3	8	—29
Olympic	1	0	2	1	4	2	4	6	—26

Fly balls caught—Tracey, 3; Wardell, 1; Scott, 2; White, 2; Edwards, 1; McCahill, 3; Conovan, 1—total, 13. Hagan, 1; Hanlon, 1; Rockwell, 2; Doten, 3; Dunlee, 1—total, 10. Umpire—H. K. Bushnell, of the Tri-Mountain Club, of Boston. Scorers—For Excelsior, J. R. Laferty; for Olympic, H. W. Eager, of Fairmount Club. Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes.

The evening was passed very pleasantly, through the kindness of the Excelsiors, and the next morning the boys took their departure for Boston, well pleased with their visit to Worcester. On arriving at "the hub," they proceeded to the Park House, and were soon feeling at home, although the rain, which was coming down very freely, entirely spoiled their chance for play with the Lowell Club, and so they had to postpone it till Monday, and go sight-seeing instead. The evening was passed at Selwyn's. On Friday the boys went to Marlboro', and played with the celebrated Fairmounts, of that place. Here they did not play as well as at Worcester. Wild throws, dropped balls and bad play generally, resulted in a worse defeat than the other. The score is as follows:—

OLYMPIC.	H.	L.	R.	Ir.	T.	FAIRMONT.	H.	L.	R.	Ir.	T.
Tracy, s s	4	2	1	1	0	Felton, 2d b	3	5	4	7	0
Jones, 1 f	4	2	2	2	0	Madden, p	2	7	4	5	0
Wardell, 1st b	4	2	3	6	1	H. Brigham, s s	3	7	3	3	0
Scott, c f	2	2	3	3	1	Hudson, 1 f	5	5	2	2	1
White, 3d b	2	3	2	2	1	Allen, c f	4	4	4	4	1
Myers, p	3	2	3	3	1	W. Brigham, 1 b	5	4	3	3	0
Edwards, 2d b	2	3	3	3	1	Kussell, 3d b	0	8	3	3	0
McCahill, c	3	3	2	3	3	A. Brigham, l f	3	5	5	6	1
Conover, r f	3	1	1	1	1	Gagnon, c f	3	3	2	3	1
Totals	27	17	22	24	10	Totals	27	48	32	37	5

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Fairmount	3	1	13	3	0	10	2	16	4—48
Olympic	0	1	0	1	1	2	4	4	—17

Fly balls—Felton 1; Madden, 2; H. Brigham, 2; Allen, 1—total, 7. Tracy, 1; Jones, 2; Wardell, 4; White, 3; Myers, 1; McCahill, 7; Conover, 1—total, 17. Umpire—Mr. H. N. Wilson, Tri-Mountain Club, of Boston. Scorers—Messrs. Eager and Andrews. Time of game—two hours and thirty seconds.

At the close of the game the Fairmounts entertained their guests in a hospitable manner.

TOUR OF THE SOUTHERN CHAMPIONS.

MARYLAND—vs. KEYSTONE.

The return game between the Southern champions and the Keystones, of Philadelphia, were fixed for Monday afternoon, 2d inst., and about two thousand persons congregated at the grounds, Seventeenth street and Columbia avenue, to witness the play, it being expected that the contest would be of an exciting nature, which proved to be the case. The Philadelphians were first to the bat, and in their opening innings scored three runs, which were tied by the Baltimoreans, who commenced work in fine style. The next innings added but one run to the Keystone's score, while the Marylands, by strong batting and correct fielding, succeeded in increasing theirs to twelve, leaving them with a lead of eight, which had the effect of elevating their stock considerably, and they commenced the next innings highly elated over the favorable prospect. The Keystones were nowise dismayed by the strong lead which their rivals had gained so early in the game; but resumed the bat with a determination to "pull up," which they did to the tune of seven runs, while the visitors were accommodated with a cypher. This left the latter but one run ahead, and their friends didn't talk quite so confidently as before. The playing was brilliant upon both sides in the next innings, which closed with a whitewash for each. The excitement was great now, though those who had money to invest offered trifling odds on the Quaker City club, which, in the fifth innings proved that this exhibition of confidence was well placed, by marking down six runs against two obtained by their antagonists, thus giving them the advantage. The strangers could only make a single in the two following innings, while the Keystones swelled their score to twenty-nine, and during the remainder of the game but little interest was manifested, as it was patent to all that the latter were certain to win, which they did by the score appended:—

KEYSTONE.	H.	L.	R.	MARYLAND.	H.	L.	R.
Dick, 2d b	3	5		Cope, p	3	3	
Flowers, s s	2	5		Goldsmith, 2d b	3	3	
Weaver, l f	2	4		Seleman s s	2	3	
Kulp, 3d b	3	4		Mincher, l f	4	2	
Albertson, 1st b	3	4		Worthington, c f	2	3	
Bechtel, p	3	3		Buck, 3d b	2	3	
Clinton, c f	3	3		Lucas, 1st b	4	2	
McClarnin, r f	4	2		Lennon, c	3	3	
Ewell, c	5	2		Armstrong, r f	2	4	
Total	31			Total	24		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Keystone	3	0	7	0	0	7	3	2	0	—31
Maryland	3	0	0	0	3	1	0	4	4	—24

Fly catches—Dick, 1; Flowers 2; Weaver, 1; Kulp 1; Albertson, 1; Clinton, 3; McClarnin, 1; Ewell, 1; total, 11. Cope, 1; Goldsmith, 1; Seleman, 1; Mincher, 3; Worthington, 1; Buck, 2; Lennon, 3; Armstrong, 2; total, 14. Put out on bases—By Dick, 1; Albertson, 13. Assisted by Dick, 2; Flowers, 3; Kulp, 4; Ewell, 3. Put out by Buck, 1; Lucas, 7; Armstrong, 1. Assisted by Goldsmith, 1; Mincher, 5; Buck, 3. Umpire—R. Eckendorf, Olympic Club.

MARYLAND vs. ATHLETIC.

On the following day, August 3d, the Marylands fulfilled their engagement with the Athletic Club on the same grounds, the number of spectators present being about one-third more than on Monday, though the contest was not by any means as interesting from the fact that the latter club assumed a strong lead from the commencement, and continued to add to their score by heavy batting and superb play in the field, until they ultimately won by fifty runs, the Marylands having all the spirit taken out of them by the brilliant display made by their opponents. The one sided character of the contest renders it unworthy of detailed description, and we, therefore, refer the reader to the score below, which gives all necessary particulars:—

ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	R.	MARYLAND.	H.	L.	R.
Reach, 2d b	3	3	10	Buck, 2d b	3	3	1
McBride, r f	3	3	8	Goldsmith, c	3	3	3
Cuthbert, 1 f	4	7		Cope, p	5	2	2
Barrett, 3d b	4	2	4	Barrett, 3d b	2	3	2
Sensenderfer, c f	3	3	8	Worthington, c f	4	1	
McMullin, s s	1	7		Selleman, s s	2	4	
Foran, 3d b	6	6		Mincher, l f	3	3	
Hatfield, p	3	7		Lennon, 1st b	2	4	
Radcliff, c	3	7		Armstrong, r f	3	3	
Total	73			Total	33		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Athletic	6	7	0	5	14	4	13	7	1	—73
Maryland	1	5	0	2	2	5	6	0	2	—23

Bases made—Reach, 13; McBride, 13; Cuthbert, 13; Fisler, 23; Sensenderfer, 5; McMullin, 25; Foran, 6; Hatfield, 9; Radcliff, 10—total, 111; times, 64. Maryland—Number of bases, 40; times, 26. Fly catches—McBride, 1; Cuthbert, 5; Sensenderfer, 2; McMullin, 1; Harrop, 1—Total, 8. Buck, 1; Goldsmith, 1; Cope, 1; Barrett, 3; Worthington, 1; Mincher, 1—total, 10. Put out—Athletic, 9; Maryland, 10. Assisted by Athletic—Fisler, 1; Radcliff, 3—Total, 4. Goldsmith, 1; Barrett, 1; Worthington, 1—Total, 3. Put out on bases—By Reach, 5; Fisler, 5; Foran, 3, assisted by Reach, 2; McMullin, 5; Foran, 1; Harrop, 1; Radcliff, 1. Put out by Buck, 2; Cope, 1; Worthington, 2; Lennon, 6, assisted by Buck, 3; Goldsmith, 1; Cope, 1; Barrett, 4; Selleman, 2. Flies missed—Athletic—Reach, 1; Cuthbert, 1; Sensenderfer, 1; McMullin, 1; Foran, 2—Total, 5. Maryland—Buck, 3; Worthington, 1; Mincher, 1; Lennon, 1; Armstrong, 1—Total 7. Home runs—Athletic—Reach, 1; Cuthbert, 2; Fisler, 1; McMullin, 3—Total, 7. Umpire—Theodore Bomeisler, Keystone Club. Time of game—Three hours and thirty-five minutes.

ATHLETES vs. BERGENS.

On Thursday, the 5th inst., despite the inclemency of the weather, the Athletes, of Washington Heights, went over to "Jersey" to play a game with the Bergens, and imagining that they had "a very soft thing," went over minus three of their best players; the result was they came very near being "scooped up," saving the game by the "skin of their teeth." Owing to the darkness, game was called at the expiration of the 8th innings. The Athletes played like race horses at the commencement of the game, but the Bergens would'nt let them keep it up, and if they had played the nine innings the ball would have, in all probability, graced the case of the Bergens. After the game the Washington Heighters were handsomely entertained be their friends, and "Oofty Goofy" was in his element. We append the score:—

ATHLETE.	H.	L.	R.	Ir.	T.	BERGENS.	H.	L.	R.	Ir.	T.
Barry, s s	2	5	7			Arbuckle, 2d b	3	2	3	1	4
Phillips, 1st b	4	2	3			Craven, c	2	3	2	1	1
Hoyt, c	2	2	2			Westervelt, p	4	0	1	1	1
McManus, c f	2	3	3			Duff, 3d b	1	3	3	3	3
Truax, 2d b	2	2	2			Burroughs, s s	3	2	3	3	3
Sloan, l f	2	1	4			Arbuckle, l f	2	2	3	4	
Williams, r f	2	1	4			Wyukoop, 1st b	4	1	1	1	1
Collins, c	2	1	1			Stringham, r f	1	3	3	3	6
Lawler, 3d b	3	2	2			McDougal, c f	2	2	1	1	1
Totals	23	16	28	29		Totals	24	16	18	24	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Bergens	0	2	1	0	1	2	1	3	—16
Athletes	2	6	0	7	1	1	0	0	—17

Double play—Phillips, 1; Phillips and Truax, 1. Left on bases—Barry, 7; Hoyt, 1; Sloan, 1

"FOUR WEEKS AGO TO-NIGHT."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY ELSIE MAY.

I.

Very well do I remember,
One night, numbered with the past,
When a fragrance of June roses
On the balmy air was cast,
When, as if in glad obeisance,
To the wind each treetop bowed,
And the young moon's silver crescent
Tinged and tinted every cloud.
Nor can I forget the beauty
Of that evening star's soft light,
'Neath whose beams we met as strangers,
"Just four weeks ago to-night."

II.

June's rare roses now are withered,
And their perfume died away
Suddenly, as hope flowers sometimes
Meet with swift and sure decay.
Since then, to her highest glory,
Gently did the fair moon climb,
Then, like some sweet, oft told story,
Or some song of olden time,
Passed away; and left no record
Save in thought, of her swift flight.
Many have been nature's changes
Since "four weeks ago to-night."

III.

Let the memory of that evening
Sometimes steal across your mind,
Resurrecting thoughts and feelings,
None, beautiful and kind;
May it be a placid island,
In the billowy sea of life,
That no earthly blast may visit
With a breath of pain or strife;
Let the starlight of remembrance
Shine with radiance pure and bright,
O'er the wave that tossed our life barks
Just "four weeks ago to-night."

IV.

And however doth the future
Pen for us the Book of Fate,
May your heart or mine be never
Saddened, crushed, or desolate.
While Hope's starlight o'er each spirit
Sheds a pure and constant beam,
While Faith's silver crescent guides us,
Love's June roses round us gleam,
May our lives glide gently onward,
'Till, in Heaven's serener light,
We shall meet, who met as strangers,
"Just four weeks ago to-night."

OUR BLUEFISH EXPERIENCE AT ISLIP.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY TOM OWEN THE BEE HUNTER.

"Some years before the war" a friend invited us to come down to Islip, Long Island, the specific object of which visit was to catch bluefish. I remember we had a very pleasant ride upon a slowly running railway car to some given point, where we were left a few moments in what appeared to be a pine barren, to be finally taken up by an old fashioned "carryall," in which conveyance we reached our place of destination. It was some time after dark when we got to Islip. The weather had been very warm throughout the entire day, and, quite exhausted, we indulged in a light supper and retired for the night.

The morning following, thoroughly refreshed, we rose gratified with the promise of a magnificent day, which justified us in indulging in anticipations of teaching the piscatorial world (then reveling in the blue waves of the Long Island Sound visible in the distance) a lesson of man's rapaciousness when in pursuit of sport.

While partaking of our breakfast we had opportunity of studying our landlord. He was a fine specimen of his class—a quiet, well-disposed man—who was contented with his rural inn and satisfied with whatever fortune its attractions commanded, so long as he was not especially overwrought in attending to his duties. In less parliamentary language, he was exceedingly indolent and fond of a kind of quiet repose, that would have been admirable if he were a gentleman of fortune, and this "genteel manner" was not practically unpleasant to us, as his country inn was (though plain in its appointments) unexceptionable in neatness, and the food, though simple, was thoroughly wholesome and satisfactory. My companions were up before me, and before breakfast they had overhauled their tackle several times, and gone through the pantomime of weighing the fish they were going to catch, and when that important meal was ended they were ready for "the fray." At this critical moment our landlord, who had pursued his various morning duties with a remarkable degree of self-possession, discovered that the day was Sunday, and also that all the boats that were ordinarily for hire "had been out on the sound since daybreak."

Here was a threatened disappointment for enthusiastic fishermen, but what did the landlord necessarily care? We were his booked guests for the day, so it made no difference with him whether we fished or lounged about the hotel. But as joys that are about to be lost are always the more appreciated, so it was with our two friends, who, at the bare possibility that they were not to catch any bluefish, became the more anxious for the gratification.

At the while, just in sight of the hotel, was a most beautiful craft, bouncing up and down on the waves as light as an egg shell, occasionally jerking at its head the stern lines, as if anxious to break loose and open its white wings, just to give the gulls that were flying about a bit of rival speed and graceful action.

"Why, there's a boat," said one of my impatient friends, pointing to this tempting bit of naval architecture.

"You can't get that boat TO-DAY!" said the landlord, with unusual energy thrown into his naturally slow manner of speaking.

"And why not!" said our friend, with startling energy.

"'Cause," replied the landlord, with marked emphasis, "'cause that boat belongs to a minister who lives in that house yonder, and he wouldn't break the Sabbath day himself, nor let his ox or his ass, or his little sailboat, or anything else that is his."

"He cant be so unreasonable," said our friend, looking affectionately at the boat, "he needn't break the Sabbath day. He can stay home, and be as dull as he pleases, if he wants to."

The landlord shook his head discouragingly, and replied:—

"You don't know Deacon Miller; he's a hard shell, he is, and he wouldn't open the padlock that'll let that boat out on any considerations. He'd call it conniving at the breaking of the Sabbath day, he would, and it couldn't be done."

It was now near nine o'clock. Within the last fifteen or twenty minutes there had sprung up one of the liveliest breezes that ever ruffled the waters of the Sound. Miniature breakers came rolling in on the shore and made the deacon's boat dance more violently than ever. Two or three chronic village visitors at the inn now came up, and were grinning "all over," they were so delighted with the fine morning, and one of them stated that he had been born and raised on Long Island, now nigh sixty years ago, and he'd never seen such a day for bluefishing before—never—never—he'd verily believed that anybody could catch 'em who could get a line in the water."

My friend, heretofore most crazy with disappointment, was now quite demented; and he was still more seriously affected when he saw the little fleet of sail boats just on the horizon skimming along merrily, with their occupants hauling in their lines, evidently under the pressure of the most marked success. In fact, our old friend of sixty years residence thought he could "make out that the members of the fleet caught a fish a minute for each boat, the average weight of each fish being, he should judge, after sixty years' residence, to be, at least, four pounds, and there mought be some as weighed more nor ten."

Our friend could stand it no longer. He cast his expressive face toward me, with a look such as a shipwrecked man has when he appeals to be saved from sudden death, or sees there is a possibility of having his prayer answered. His feelings were too powerful for verbal expression, and so he contented himself by pointing to the boat riding by the shore, and then towards the deacon's house, a few rods distant. I was under many obligations to my friend, and I determined I would show my sense of gratitude by trying to serve him in what seemed to be a critical moment of his existence, and without ceremony I proceeded to the "shard-shell deacon's" house on what I was afraid would turn out a hopeless mission.

As we have before suggested, the day was intensely hot, but the breeze was delightful, and the result was that the deacon had his front door wide open, so that when we opened the little gate and got up near the front door, we could distinctly hear what was going on inside of the deacon's house, and much to our regret, just at that moment we could hear the old deacon pouring out his feelings in a wild, expressive prayer, the burden of which was that we might have faith to keep the Lord's day holy.

Our first impulse was to turn away, but we remembered the helpless face of our friend, and could do no less than make an effort, though the chances were desperate, for it appeared worse than impudence to talk business to the deacon even while his prayer was not cold.

As soon as he was through his devotional exercises, however, we presented ourself, and, after a few words of general apologies, stated that we were one of a party of three who lived "down in the south," who had come to Islip purposely to catch bluefish—that the boats usually for hire had been engaged and were now out on the sound, and if we could not get his boat we should all be sadly disappointed.

The old deacon, who had a good natured but rather equivocal expression, heard me through, and then remarked that, while he was very sorry we should be disappointed, he did not think he could violate his sense of duty by aiding me and my friends in pursuing ungodly amusement on the Sabbath.

I studied the old deacon's face a moment; there was evidently a bit of self-esteem about the corners of his mouth, and I made up my mind that I would make it the Trojan horse on which to get inside of the high wall of his "hard-shell views." So, dropping the boat for a moment, I suddenly asked:—

"I suppose, Deacon, you have caught a great many bluefish in your day?"

"I have," he replied, with some hesitation, and rather embarrassed by the abruptness and unexpected character of my question.

"It's good sport, is'nt it?" said I, with what I considered was an insinuating smile.

"It's very good," said the deacon, thawing out a little.

"There's a man down in Patchogue says he has caught more blue fish in a day than any Islipper that ever lived."

"If it was a week day," said the deacon, with some earnestness, "and a breeze was blowing like this one that blesses this Lord's day, I'd like to prove he's mistaken."

"*It is a fine day for bluefishing*," said I, moving on to the little gallery in front of the house, and looking earnestly at the fleet of fishing boats still discernible on the horizon.

"Nothing could be finer," said the deacon, his face losing the severe expression habitual to it. "The wind is in the right point," he continued, casting about with a sailor's sagacity, "good wind, indeed."

"That's just what we all thought down to the hotel, and the landlord said you were a better judge of such things than any man on the 'south side.'"

"I suppose I ought to be," said the deacon, now really good natured.

"My two friends at the hotel want to try their luck," I said, with all the insinuating tones of voice I could command, as they thought that possibly you would hire your fine little boat if they *paid well* for the favor."

"I cannot aid any one in breaking the Sabbath," replied the deacon, his eye, however, full of complaisance.

"Yes, sir," I continued, "my friends are from the south, and if they loose this magnificent opportunity they will never probably have a chance again."

The deacon looked irresolute. I pulled out my purse and took out some money; he still seemed to struggle with his conscience, but he eyed the bills (they were specie paying in those days), looked out on the sound and sighed.

I felt that I was gaining ground, so I continued, "My friends have been educated to regard the Sabbath rather as a day of innocent recreation than as a day of discipline. They may be wrong, but there is some excuse for their conduct, if it cannot be justified."

"I know," said the deacon musing, "people differ on religious points—good people too. I don't know any better man than Squire Dogwood, a neighbor hard by, but we could never agree about baptism, and never will. He's a good man, nevertheless, though he thinks sprinkling, instead of immersion, has a saving grace."

"No doubt of the honesty of purpose of Squire Dogwood, and so it is with my friends—they are honest; so, deacon, have a little charity and let them have your boat."

"Gentlemen, I do not think it right that I should trust you out in deep water unattended with that boat. If any accident was to happen I should always feel that it was a judgment on me for letting you thus be injured; and so deeply impressed am I with this idea, that I feel it to be my duty *to go along and see that everything is right*. I cannot resist the idea that I am in some way responsible for your safety."

And having thus delivered himself, he very deliberately jumped into the boat, and, seizing the tiller, he brought the little craft gracefully up to the wind, and in another moment the Little Polly and its precious freight were gallantly breasting the lively waves, and in less time than we can relate the circumstance my two friends were hauling in bluefish, every one as large as the old gentleman who had lived "sixty years in the neighborhood" said they must be.

It is many years ago that we caught bluefish off Islip, but we have never forgotten the old deacon. He manipulated the craft better than any one we ever saw afloat. He seemed instinctively to run the Little Polly into the most dense schools of bluefish. He pulled the corks out of the brandy bottles, and distributed their contents with most excellent time and taste, and I don't think claret was ever in a better condition to be refreshing than the way he served it up that day. And then it was a comfort to see him eat ham sandwiches, and relieve himself of any possible bad effects of over indulgence by "nips" of Cognac and tumblers of Bordeaux. And then, as the sun went down, and the breeze died away, and the excitement ceased, it was dearly refreshing to hear the old Deacon (as he worked the Little Polly back to Islip, running all the while closer to the wind than any other craft) beguile the time with pleasant stories, leaving the impression he was the finest old deacon that ever lived, and only went on our bluefishing excursion because he was afraid to trust us unattended on the blue water.

We subsequently learned that he was tried before some of the hard-shell brethren for breaking the Sabbath, but when he described the temptation he was subjected to, and alluded to the fine breeze, the ham sandwiches, the old Cognac, ripe claret, he was excused on the ground that human nature couldn't stand everything, and more especially the temptation of catching bluefish on a Sabbath day. So far as our two friends were concerned, they were so charmed with the old deacon that they subsequently commenced going to church, in honor of his memory, and one of them is now a pew holder in a fashionable church and the other takes up the collection on the Sabbath. They date their moral reform from the day they went bluefishing, with the old hard-shell Deacon of Islip.

VALKING DOWN BROADWAY.—No. 20.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Sharley, dis is Harry Berdolf's, und ve vill drife in und sid down on der shtoop und vatch der drodders vent by. First offly, dough, ve vill go inside und dake a trink of someding cool und nice, und say a vord or dwo mit Billy Berdolf und Nat Hebbard, und find out der news and see "who's peen here since ve vas gone." Dem's dwo nice fellers, Sharley, Billy Berdolf und Nat Hebbard, und I bet dem down on my list of friends. Und I vill see ve can to run around der Four Mile House togedder ven ve vas leedle roosders, und ve use do dink it shmard to bodt git dight on von gin cockdail. Of a feller cood oney be shmard enuff to imbrofe der shances he has ven he is young, vat a difference he cood make—I bed you. Bud vat is der use of grying boud "shbilled milluck." I hafe god my heaid und sdrengd, eferybody likes me or *bre. deads* do, und "I feel chund as baby like a big sandour," und I can look any man in der face und say, "How are you?" mitoud bein afrait dot he's goin do hid me on der nose. Harry is doin ride shmard here, Sharley, und he is makin money. Der oney harm I vish him is dot he may make a million und leef to onchoy it.

Sharles, holler qwiedly to dot feller drifting by in dot red veled vaggon, und make such a motion mit your hand dot you vant him to drife in. Dot's Bat McDonald, und vot he comes in here I'll dell him dot you are Sharley, und he'll dake you by der haud. Bat is a fine man, Sharley, und he is von of der few men dot ven dey say dey vill do a ding *vill* do it. I hafe known Misder McDonald for some dime, und I hafe yed to hear of any von speakin agindt him. I dink a cread deal of him, und I hafe efery reason to dink dot he likes me poody vell. He vouden chokes mit me, ven ve meed, bound you, Sharley, und he vants to know "of Sharley is all right." I dell him yes! of course. I don't vant to dell him anyding else, cause I vant eferypody to dink dot you are a nice feller. Of I vas to dold him "der druth, der hold druth und noding but der druth, so hellup me Bop," dey *cood* dink someding. Yes, sir. Bat McDonald is a gendleman.

Don'd you like to heard banjo blayin? Vell, dis feller comin along here is von of der best dere is in der coundry. I hafe heerd dem all blay und I dink I am licensed to know a leedle someding bout it, und ven I say so dot Billy Sparks' blayin suits me poody vell I mean it. Him und me is been ackgwainded a awful long vile und I knowed ven he first pegin to blay; ve haie had a goot many nice dimes togedder, doo. His daddy use to keeb a crocery shtore vonce, und Billy und me use to dry und see vich von he cood git oudside of der mosd crackers, budder und sheese after der shtore vas closed ub und der oil man he vas in der bed shnorin. Ve use to sid on der nail kegs in der beck bart of der shtore und blay der banjo und fiddle by der hour, und den ve vood shlob und go to vork on der crackers und sheese agin. All dem dimes is bast, Sharley, und he is goin von vay und I'm goin anoder—before ve use to vent der same vay? "Dings hafe shanged since Hennery died," ain't dey. I will go mit you down to Billy's some tay und git him do blay for you. You'll like it.

Von of der metical faculdy—here comes "Doedor" Conny Callahan, der Sergeand-at-Arms of der Board of Alderman, und a headsy Conny he is, doo, Sharley. Dot horse is a nice animule, und a Black Hawk coldt, und ven Conny leds him oud he drafels poody fasd, aldough I dink of Conny vas on a bair of shkades dot he cood bead der nag. Conny is a shkadist of der No. 1 A orter, und he can cut more carley-koos und bin-veels und dugs on a bair of shkades dan you efer see. He is also fery fond on round dances, und many a dime I hafe vatched him shbin around like von of dem humming dops. Conny is a fine young feller, Sharley, und is a cread fatoride mit der boys around der Hall. Efery von likes him, und dey coodn't do oderwise. Id comes nadural do be a good feller, Sharley; some men *makes* peebles like dem, chust der same as some makes peebles hade dem, und dey can't help it. You know der old saying—"A hog he'll be a hog any how," und its drue. Conny is a goot feller, Sharley.

Sharley, here is a nice gendleman drifing dis grey horse. Dis is Shepard F. Knapp, Esq., und he is as goot hearded as he is vide across. He is a easy goin, goot nadured sord of a feller, Sharley, und he looks of he don'd care vedder skule keebs or nod. He vas formerly sdreed commissioner, und has always more or less peen mixed ub in bolidics. Some dime ago he made a big sdrike on "New York Cendral," und his frends say dot he node made apout $50,000 on it. I dell him dot you are, Sharley, und he'll dake you by der haud. Bat is a fine man, Sharley, und he is von of der few men dot ven dey say dey vill do a ding *vill* do it. I hafe known Misder McDonald for some dime, und I hafe yed to hear of any von speakin agindst him. I dink a cread deal of him, und I hafe efery reason to dink dot he likes me poody vell. He vouden chokes mit me, ven ve meed, bound you, Sharley, und he vants to know "of Sharley is all right." I dell him yes! of course. I don't vant to dell him anyding else, cause I vant eferypody to dink dot you are a nice feller. Of I vas to dold him "der druth, der hold druth und noding but der druth, so hellup me Bop," dey *cood* dink someding. Yes, sir. Bat McDonald is a gendleman.

Don'd you like to heard banjo blayin? Vell, dis feller comin along here is von of der besd dere is in der coundry. I hafe heerd dem all blay und I dink I am licensed to know a leedle someding boud it, und ven I say so dot Billy Sparks' blayin suits me poody vell I mean it. Him und me is been ackgwainded a awful long vile und I knowed ven he first pegin to blay; ve haie had a goot many nice dimes togedder, doo. His daddy use to keeb a crocery shtore vonce, und Billy und me use to dry und see vich von he cood git oudside of der mosd crackers, budder und sheese after der shtore vas closed ub und der oil man he vas in der bed shnorin. Ve use to sid on der nail kegs in der beck bart of der shtore und blay der banjo und fiddle by der hour, und den ve vood shlob und go to vork on der crackers und sheese agin. All dem dimes is basd, Sharley, und he is goin von vay und I'm goin anoder—before ve use to vent der same vay? "Dings hafe shanged since Hennery died," ain'd dey. I will go mit you down to Billy's some tay und git him do blay for you. You'll like it.

Von of der metical faculdy—here comes "Doedor" Conny Callahan, der Sergeand-at-Arms of der Board of Alderman, und a headsy Conny he is, doo, Sharley. Dot horse is a nice animule, und a Black Hawk coldt, und ven Conny leds him oud he drafels poody fasd, aldough I dink of Conny vas on a bair of shkades dot he cood bead der nag. Conny is a shkadist of der No. 1 A orter, und he can cut more carley-koos und bin-veels und dugs on a bair of shkades dan you efer see. He is also fery fond on round dances, und many a dime I hafe vatched him shbin around like von of dem humming dops. Conny is a fine young feller, Sharley, und is a cread fatoride mit der boys around der Hall. Efery von likes him, und dey coodn't do oderwise. Id comes nadural do be a good feller, Sharley; some men *makes* peebles like dem, chust der same as some makes peebles hade dem, und dey can't help it. You know der old saying—"A hog he'll be a hog any how," und its drue. Conny is a goot feller, Sharley.

Sharley, here is a nice gendleman drifing dis grey horse. Dis is Shepard F. Knapp, Esq., und he is as goot hearded as he is vide across. He is a easy goin, goot nadured sord of a feller, Sharley, und he looks of he don'd care vedder skule keebs or nod. He vas formerly sdreed commissioner, und has always more or less peen mixed ub in bolidics. Some dime ago he made a big sdrike on "New York Cendral," und his frends say dot he node made apout $50,000 on it. I dell him dot you are, Sharley, und he'll dake you by der haud. Bat is a fine man, Sharley, und he is von of der few men dot ven dey say dey vill do a ding *vill* do it. He is inderesded in der coudract for keebin der clay clean, und I shose vont lose any money oud of it. He has shown himself to be a friend of "Oofty Gooft's" on von or dwo occasions, und I don'd dink vood go back on him now of he cood do anyding for him. Sharley, how easy it vas for a man to be a nice feller, und hate peebles like him, und sdeak veil of him. Sheberd F. is a cread Sdterman, und of you vill oney show him a place, of dere is any fish dere he vill go und hook dem. Sure.

Here comes der drodding mare Lady Portland und "Buck," McMann is drifing her. Dot Billy McMann is a gay boy, und if he can't git a dorg in condition und handle ven he is in condition dere ain'd any such ding as doin it. He is der von dot handled "Prince," und aldough der dorg von der sdakes he didn'd got dem. Buck is a scronchor on der jig dance, Sharley, und der vay he can pud oud his hoofs is a caution to all dem leedle dings vat creebs for a liing.

Do you remember Eddy Cuskley? Don'd you know ve med him der day der Embires und Adiedes blayed ofer on Hoboken, ven dot Kelly, der base ball reborter, vas makin fun of us—here he comes drifing dis vite mare. Ed. is a young feller vell known round by der boys und he is noded for his gwiedness. I don'd peleef he voot say a vord in sefen years of some body didn'd say someding to him. Dot's a goot shtopper he has dere, Sharley, und I shoodend be sombrised of she coodn'd vent a lifely said. Eddy Cuskley is in der wholesale liquor pisness und is madin money fisd ofer hand.

You see dese dwo bay horses in der padent ledder harness, mit der manes and dails done ub in bink rippons? vell, dey are a nice deam, ain'd dey? Sharley, dey ain'd half so heafy a deam as der deam in der waggon behind dem. Dot feller drifin is Ike Heyman, und Harry Maurer is mit him; dey botd belong in der new Coundy Court Haus, und of you go indo der Coundy Clerk's office any dime, chust say dot you vant to saw der Shrimp, und dey vill boint ike oud to you. Hen Maurer is gread on der verlousypede, und, so as to keeb his munt vell pudanced, he barts his hair in der mitde. He is von of der finest benmen in der coundry, und is der coarse-hand fineed benmen in der insdidution. He is fery heafy on Bin Pool and Pea Knuckle. Dot Shrimp is also much on fun und dings, und can made a blate of showder look fery sick. Dey are botd members of der "Jo Koch Showder Glup."

Here comes Misder Watson, der Harbor Masder, mit his shanklin deam of greys, und his friend Nafew is in der cart mit him. Dey are dwo old dime shborts, Sharley, dey are der kind of shborts dot are fasd bassing away. Gid a barty of dem old boys togedder some dime, und I'll bed you dey vill hafe a gay dime und be gendiemanly bound id. Dey vill make dot Rome howl, und nopody oudside vill hear any of id. Yes, Sharley, dem lads is bassing in von by von—such men like Harry Arcularius und Ned Luff. I shoodn'd be afrait to bed dot Misder Watson und John Nafew, Esq., is goin ub to Kari's to get a Dutch dinner.

Dwo ball dossers—Ed Shelly, from Washingdon, und Jimmy Reynolds, of der Ross Club (shoemaders). I vonder vat Shelly is doin on here. I shose he has got a furlong, und came on to enchoy himself for a few days or so. Dey use botd of dem to pelong to dot Union Club, bud some how or oder dey botd got oud. Shelly is a first rade blayer, und he blays on der ield base. Jimmy Reynolds is varm, doo, und of he gids caughd oud gids vi.d. He blays in der mittle field avay oud.

DO BEEN CODDINUED.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

FEARFUL TRAGEDY IN GEORGIA.

HOW A DOG PROTECTED HIS MISTRESS.

In one of the mountain counties of Georgia there lives two families, each, before the war, noted for its wealth and refinement. Since the war the families, whom we shall call respectively R. and L., though they had, like everybody else, lost everything by the conflict, still retained the high position in society which they had for a long time filled. One of them, the L.'s, lost several of its members, as well as its fortune, by the war, and at the commencement of our story consisted of Mr. L., a gentleman 55 years of age, his wife, nearly the same age, and an unmarried daughter of about 25. Within about a quarter of a mile of their house lived one of the R.'s, a young man, who had recently married a very beautiful young lady of the county, and, having left the parental mansion, was farming by himself on a small tract of ground. The two families lived some distance from the county town, in a sparsely inhabited section of the country, and, being each the nearest neighbor of the other, were, of course, on terms of greatest intimacy. Between the young wife and the daughter of Mr. L. a fast friendship was soon formed.

A few days since Mr. R. informed his wife that he had received a letter which would compel immediate attendance in Atalanta, where he would have to remain for several days, and as it would be inconvenient for him to take her with him to that city, advised that she should ask her young neighbor to stay with her during his absence. The next morning the latter, in his bugay for Atlanta, and his wife, during the morning, went over to L.'s house for the purpose of inviting her young friend to stay with her. The young lady, after consultation with her mother, readily assented to the proposition, and promised to come during the afternoon.

About nine o'clock Mrs. R. began to feel a little uneasy, as Miss L. had not yet come, when a servant came up to the house and brought a note from her expected friend, stating that she would be unable to spend the night without her, as she had promised, for her father, from some cause or other, had positively refused to give his consent to the arrangement. After delivering the note the servant took his departure, and the brave woman prepared to spend the night by herself. Feeling that she had a protector in a large and very fierce yard dog belonging to her husband, she took him into her bed-room, and, after securing the house, lay down and resigned herself to sleep.

About 12 o'clock she was awakened from her slumbers by a noise in the house, and the angry growling of the dog, and discovered that the hall door had been forced, and that some one was standing at her room door seeking an entrance. Speaking as loudly as her fright would let her, Mrs. R. asked, "Who is there?" A man's voice, which she did not recognize, replied by telling her to open the door. Again she asked the same question, and again received the same reply, the stranger adding that if she refused he would break the door down. During this dialogue, the dog, still growling, crouched upon the floor as if ready to spring. Thinking to intimidate this man, who sought her ruin, Mrs. R. cried to him that if he forced the door she would shoot him.

Laughing scornfully, the ruffian threw his weight against the door, burst it open, and entered the room—when, quick as thought, the savage dog sprang forward, and fastened on his neck. The man, astonished at this sudden attack, attempted to kill the dog with a knife which he held in his hand, but the courageous animal, the powerful animal dragged him to the ground, still retaining his hold upon his throat. Stunned at first by this unlooked for deliverance, the woman, in a few seconds, regained her presence of mind somewhat, and ran screaming from the house, never stopping until she arrived at the place of the L's, where her cries soon aroused the family. Her tale was rapidly told, and the servants were preparing to go to the scene of danger, when suddenly Mr. L. was missed, and his wife, almost on the instant, as if struck by a sudden presentiment, screamed, "Merciful God! it must be my husband!" A cry of horror the party set forth, and ran as fast to the house of Mrs. R.; as the latter had run away from it a few minutes before. Arrived there they found the man still on the floor, and the dog still grasping his throat. Beating him away from his prey they found the suspicions of Mrs. L. but too correct; it was her husband—but the teeth of the dog had done their work, and he was dead.—*Augusta, Ga., Chronicle.*

A FATAL KISS.

A young gentleman named Joe White, a very respectable, industrious, quiet, good looking fellow, of about eighteen years of age, and a resident of Germantown, went to South Nashville, Saturday night, to visit his lady-love, a Miss Barnes. He had been frequently to visit her before, at various times. They were engaged to be married. He found her in the parlor sewing, as a proper young girl should be. She was anxious to finish the article, and, therefore, concluded not to throw it aside when he entered, particularly as he complimented her on her pretty appearance, with her beautiful face, bending over her slender fingers flying as she applied the stitches with as much grace and rapidity as other girls display when skimming over the keys of a nasty piano. He took his seat beside her. They chatted very gaily. After waiting a few minutes, which to him seemed hours, he became impatient, and longed to imprint a chaste kiss upon her ripe and pouting lips. With the view of carrying out his design, he let his arm circle her waist furtively, and, as he was drawing her close to himself, she objected being disturbed until her little work was finished; but he insisted. She made a motion to shove him off, as girls are said to, generally. This motion gave the happy lover his chance for his life. He became impetuous, and, drawing her to him with much violence, the needle which was caught in her thimble, got between them, the point toward his heart. It entered, and as he was about to imprint a kiss of love upon her lips, his own became ashy pale. His vigorous grasp relaxed, and then the fire of love died out, as if by a celestial puff, at the moment of contact. He sickened and fell back upon the sofa quite helpless. The young lady was much alarmed, and ran for assistance. The family all ran into the room and proceeded to open his shirt collar, thinking he was in a fainting fit, and that the usual restoratives would suffice. In undoing his vest it was found that the needle had penetrated his side very deeply, a circumstance which the young lady had never noticed in her fright. The doctor was sent for. He administered what remedies he could. Partial consciousness was restored, and the young fellow enabled to talk. The scene between him and his first, last love, was extremely affecting. She wept like one who feels that all happiness on earth is lost, and he seemed to regret her loss and not his own condition. He consoled her by saying that she would soon get another lover to fill his place, who would be more worthy of her than he could hope to be, and who would make her happy. This but increased her sorrow. She sank down upon the floor beside him and cried aloud. When he was becoming worse, and the doctor gave him emphatically to understand that he could not live, she started suddenly to her feet, and, running into another room, swallowed a heavy dose of laudanum, which was kept there for the use of a younger member of the family that was sick. It was some time before she was discovered, and it was with the utmost difficulty she was brought back to consciousness. The first word she uttered was, "O, where is he? let me go to him; I will be with him." At the same instant the young gentleman was resigning his spirit into the hands of his Maker in the adjoining room. He died about 10 o'clock. She is still in a precarious condition, and evinces symptoms of insanity.—*Nashville, Tenn., Press, July 26th.*

CULPABLE ABANDONMENT.

A SPIRITED FEMALE SUES FOR DIVORCE.

In the case of Adeline L. Ballou against Albert D. Ballou, a decree of divorce was granted. The bill was filed on April 29th last, and set out that the marriage of the parties took place on December 26th, 1854, at Lima, Mo., and that they had four children. The charge was that of cruelty, and it was alleged, among other things, in the summer of 1855, only about a year after the marriage, the defendant endeavored by persuasion, threats and force, to induce his wife to submit to the embraces of another man, and that those persuasions were repeated from time to time for three years.

The material portion of Mrs. Ballou's testimony was as follows:—I have been a resident of Illinois for more than a year prior to the filing of this bill. This has been my residence—my domicile—though I have traveled out of the State some, as my business is that of lecturing on reforms—general reforms. Chicago has always been my headquarters. Since my troubles with my husband I have been broken up. In the spring and summer of 1855 he attempted, by persuasion and threats, to force me to submit to committing adultery with another man. He wished me to let this man sleep with me, and formed a scheme to get me to submit to this man's improper advances. This took place while we lived in Wisconsin. He kept up these efforts at intervals for about two years. I attempted to go home to my father, and he prevented me from going home. I opposed his scheme, and in consequence of this attempted to get away. I attempted to go off in the night and he stopped me. I became reconciled so far as to consent to stay with him upon his promise that these efforts should not be repeated. He had no business particularly. When my first child was about nine months old, he left me and went away in company with this same man to Central America. He was gone five or six months. He left me destitute. When he went away I went home to my father, who supported me during that time. While my child Clarence was an infant, I began to support myself by working over hats and in a photograph gallery. In the fall of 1862 I went into the army as a nurse, and continued working as such nurse for one year. Soon afterward I opened lecturing for the support of myself and children, and have been lecturing and treating diseases. A year ago last February, while I was sick, he abandoned me and has never returned to me or treated me as his wife. Just after my last child was born he struck me and attempted to push me down stairs, and did push me a part of the way down. After striking me he held me across the bed in such a way as to inflict a permanent injury on my spine. Previous to this he demanded my wages of me.—*Chicago Times, July 26.*

A FAST FRENCHMAN.—A French count of ancient family, residing in the Faubourg St. Germain, Paris, has the misfortune to be blessed with a prodigal son who has been going so fast that his father has cut off all supplies. In a fit of revenge the young hopeful spent his last louis in a corduroy jacket and blue trowsers, and set up as a *commissionaire* in front of the count's mansion. In order to attract customers he had the family arms engraven on his crochet. The little comedy has been going on for some time, and neither father nor son appears inclined to give in. To bring matters to a crisis, the son has just announced his intention of marrying a young fruit seller in the neighborhood.

FEMININE DUELISTS.—Two ladies of the world, who pass the winter seasons at the watering places on the shores of the Mediterranean, were scaling, at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 15th of May, the gorges of the Alps undulating toward the sea at a few miles distant from Vintimiglia. Upon reaching the summit of the hill, on which are to be seen the ruins of the Roman castle, they stopped two peasant women and induced them, by means of a sum of money, to serve them as witnesses in a very important operation, which they said they were about to execute. The two ladies then measured the ground. One of them placed her back against the ruins of the Castle of Appius and the other placed herself before her—at a distance of twenty steps. Each of them then drew a pistol from under the cloaks which they wore. At the sight of these weapons the peasant women uttered piercing cries, and advanced with uplifted arms to prevent the Amazons from firing at each other. But two shots were discharged at the same moment. The peasant women fell down, while the ladies laughed heartily at seeing their witnesses on the ground piteously begging them not to kill them. The ladies then re-loaded the pistols and took position in front of each other, at a distance of fifteen steps. They were about to fire again, when a third witness made his appearance. It was a priest. He emerged from behind the wall of the ancient castle. Startled at the report of the pistols, he had hastened to the spot from the neighboring parsonage. He urged the two rivals to make up their quarrel and succeeded in reconciling them. They then accompanied him to the neighboring village church, where they confessed and received absolution. A love affair was at the bottom of the strange duel.

AN ECCENTRIC FRENCH SPORT.—Count de Chateauvillard, who has just died in Paris, was in his day one of the most brilliant men and dashing equestrians of France. It was he who one day rode up the steps of the Jockey Club (then at the corner of the Rue Drouot and Boulevard) and played a game of billiards on horseback. He rode for some time a most vicious horse. A friend said:—"If you ride that horse three months longer, I'll bet he kills you." The Count replied:—"What do you bet?" "Twenty-five thousand francs." "Taken." The Count felt in honor bound to his friend to ride the horse every day, and the horse showed himself to be so very vicious that the Count had his coffin made and sent home, for he was sure he would require it before long. His wife (who had long been extremely uneasy lest his horse should kill him), seeing her husband look upon the horse as dangerous, as she, herself, considered him, no sooner saw the coffin placed in her husband's dressing-room, than she went to the stable armed with a pair of pistols and shot the dangerous steed through the head. On one occasion the Count was asked by a friend, a Marquise, to see her to her carriage. They were at a ball. Going down stairs somebody trod on her dress and tore it. She asked for a pin. The Count took from his scarf a diamond pin worth $600 and presented it to her. She declined, saying:—"Oh, Count, it is entirely too valuable." "Is that the only objection to the pin?" "Certainly." This word was no sooner out of the Marquise's mouth than he broke off the diamond, threw it out of the neighboring window, and gave the golden pin to her.

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.—A persistent young man of Hartford, who was opposed in his inclinations to marry the girl of his choice by her parents, at last succeeded in winning a reluctant consent, and the date of the marriage ceremony was fixed. After the arrival of the company upon the happy day appointed, the youngster gravely proceeded to address the astonished assembly thusly:—"We are much obliged for this gathering on our account, but let me suggest that there is no necessity for any further business, as we were married three weeks ago!"

HEARTS WERE TRUMPS.—George W. Kirkland, formerly of Bucyrus, Ohio, married, on the 1st inst., Miss Mollie E. Brown, of Atlantic City, Wyoming territory. The wedding was the first in Atlantic City, and the wedding cards were the best and the only ones the market afforded. They were a very superior style of playing cards. On the face of hearts was written, "Mr. and Mrs. Dr. James Irwin, at home, Thursday evening, July 1, 1869. Ceremony at nine o'clock." On the king of hearts was written the name of George W. Kirkland, and on the queen of hearts the name of the bride, Mollie E. Brown.

BIGAMY AND FRAUD.—Two well dressed young women were in the police station of Lawrence, Mass., on the 31st ult., weeping over their two husbands, who were in the lock-up. The girls had been to work at Lowell, and had laid up some money; when two Englishmen, who had just arrived, made love to them and married them, just a week before, after a very short acquaintance. The week had been spent in traveling and at the beach, one of the girls having lent her husband over $100 towards expenses. The men have been arrested for bigamy, each of them having a wife living.

ABANDONMENT AND BIGAMY.—A lady in Lincoln county, Mo., has petitioned the Circuit Court to grant her a divorce from two husbands; the first for abandonment, and the second because he has another wife and children living in the western part of the state. It appears the first husband, some time after his going off, was reported drowned. Subsequently the second marriage was consummated, and then the bigamy was discovered.

OH! SIR-EE.—An innocent young man, reading an advertisement that ladies' hose were coming down still lower, wished to know why the wearers did not endeavor to prevent such a calamity by wearing elastics.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

HENRY HAIGH.

Great natural gifts, cultivated and matured in the best and most refined schools, are combinations rarely met with in individuals. That exceptional voices and artistic attainments are seldom found together, is sufficiently proved by the fact that so few singers ever arrive at the highest step on the ladder of fame.

The subject of the illustration on our first page—a gentleman whose reputation in his own country has been established by the opinion of the public, and recorded and endorsed by the press—has been engaged by the Richings' English Opera Company for an operatic tour through the United States of America.

Mr. Haigh was born in the year 1832, in Yorkshire, (a county celebrated for having produced some of the finest voices in England,) and, as a youth, attracted attention from the peculiar beauty of his voice. His friends were assiduous in their endeavors to cultivate a gift so valuable and so rare. His popularity in his native place fully justified the resolution of his advisers to enrol young Haigh as a disciple of art, and for that purpose his musical studies were for some years superintended by the most able masters in the country. Haigh's taste, when at an age to evince a partiality, were decidedly dramatic, and, in order that his profession should be well and thoroughly learnt, it was deemed advisable to obtain for him an engagement as singing waiting gentleman at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, a theatre, then as now, celebrated as a good school of dramatic art. His success in the Scotch capital was most assuring and led to his engagement by Mr. Harris, the Lessee of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, where for three years Mr. Haigh, in conjunction with other well known artists, made English opera an established fact. A career so auspiciously commenced was further established by the young English tenor taking advantage of a two years' sojourn in the classic land of song—Italy. In this home of genius and art, his charming voice soon attracted the attention of the *maestri*, and the gifted Englishman studied with such assiduity as to lead to his engag

third, and S. King went out from Ferguson to Start. The Atlantics were again treated to a whitewash, although five men went to the bat; Kenney fouled out; Start made his base on a safe, but was again forced out by Chapman; Ferguson made a safe hit, but both he and Chapman were left, as Crane, for the third time, flew out to that rascal Flynn.

This left the score 15 to 6, and the game was virtually decided. In the next two innings neither side scored, the fielding being very handsome. Four of the six "Haymakers" went out on the bases and the other two on fouls. Five of the Atlantics flew out to Flynn (making the sixth), Bellan, Fisher, Powers and G. King on fair balls, and one to Craver on a foul. The "Haymakers" received their fourth "blinder" on the eighth innings, Kenney and Pike catching Bellan and Bearman, and Crane and Start nabbing McAtee; Crane and Zettlein made safe hits, and the former scored his maiden run; but "The Charmer" was forced by Pike and was run out by Bearman; Chapman had previously flew out to S. King and Ferguson fouled out. In the last innings the "Haymakers" added two to their totals; M. King, after hitting to Chapman, started for second, the ball going by the fielder; he quickly recovered it, however, and making a good throw to second, caught "Mart." nicely; Powers was muffed by Kenney; Fisher made a three-bag stroke to left field; McDonald caught out Flynn, Fisher coming in; Craver was third out by Crane and Pike. With the score 15 to 7 against them, the Atlantics went to the bat determined to do or die. The first four strikers made their bases on clean hits and three of them scored; but the next three went out in one, two, three order, and the innings and game came to an end with the score 17 to 10, and the Atlantics a badly defeated party.

Comment on the game is unnecessary. The fielding of the Atlantics was on the muffin order all through, while their antagonists played one of their sharpest games. The "Haymakers" were not entitled to more than two or three runs on their batting, while the Atlantics made all their runs on clean hits. The Atlantics used bad judgment in placing their men. Pearce should never have gone behind the bat, as all the damage was done while he was there. Not all through him, by any means. Kenny and Pike did most of the harm, with a little assistance from Chapman, McDonald and Start. When Crane went to second he fielded beautifully; Ferguson also caught nicely. The "Haymakers" all did well, and praise would be invidious.

At the conclusion of the game the Atlantics were driven back to the hotel, the *gamins* along the route saluting them in their peculiar manner. After supper they took the small steamer to Albany. The trip down the river was a delightful one, and the excursionists sat up till a late hour, enjoying themselves by singing and in other ways. On the morning of the 3d they were "home again."

The score in detail is given below:—

Haymakers.	H.L.	R.	Is.	T.	Atlantics.	H.L.	R.	Is.	T.
McAtee, 1st b	2	3	3	3	Pearce, c	3	2	3	5
M. King, 2d b	1	1	1	1	Kenny, s s	3	1	3	4
Powers, s s	2	1	0	0	Start, 1st b	2	1	2	4
Fisher, p	3	3	3	5	Chapman, 1 f	2	1	2	4
Flynn, r f	3	2	2	2	Ferguson, 3d b	4	1	2	2
Craver, c	2	1	3	6	Crane, c f	3	1	1	1
S. King, 1 f	4	1	0	0	Zettlein, p	3	1	2	4
Bellan, 3d b	3	2	1	1	Pike, 2d b	3	1	2	3
Bearman, 2d b	4	0	1	1	McDonald, r f	3	1	1	1
Totals	27	17	14	19	Totals	27	10	19	25

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	1	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	3—10
Haymakers	7	0	0	0	8	0	0	2	0—17

Left on bases—Craver, 2; Bearman, 1; Flynn, 1; Kenny, 1; Ferguson, 1; Pike, 1. Catches on strikes—Pearce, 2. Fly-catches—Powers, 1; Fisher, 1; Flynn, 5; Craver, 2; S. King, 3; Bellan, 1; total, 11. Pearce, 1; Kenny, 1; Ferguson, 3; Chapman, 1; Crane, 1; Pike, 1; McDonald, 1; total, 9. Foul bound catches—Craver, 3; Zettlein, 1. Base play—Put out by McAtee, 6; Powers, 1; Fisher, 1; Bearman, 3; total, 11; assisted by Powers, 3; Bellan, 2; Craver, 1; Bearman, 3. Put out—By Start, 14; Pearce, 1; Crane, 1; total, 16; assisted by Chapman, 1; Ferguson, 2; Crane, 2; Zettlein, 2; Pike, 6. Run out—Zettlein, by Bearman. Outs on fouls—Haymakers, 3 times; Atlantics, 5 times. Umpire—Mr. Bush, of the Nationals, Club, of Albany. Scorers—Messrs. Delany and Scofield. Time of game—Two hours and four minutes.

ECKFORD vs. ORIENTAL.

The closing game of this match was played at the Union Grounds, L. I., on the 2d inst. For the first four innings the Orientals had the best of the champions, the score standing 8 to 4; but the New Yorkers did not have the "nerve" to keep up their good playing, and in the balance of the game fell behind to such an extent that they were finally beaten two to one. The Eckfords were short Jewett and Pinkham, and this made considerable difference in the play of the champions. The Orientals had out their best players, and, up to the fifth innings, played a sharp game. They found no difficulty in hitting Martin, and scored first base 15 times, while the Eckfords only made it 15 times. In fact, the Orientals had an excellent chance to end the game in ball from the Eckfords; but, going into the game with the idea that there was no chance to win, they neglected to take advantage of their opportunity, and were defeated. Their great weakness in the field was at short and third base. Aside from these positions, the fielding was very good. Smith captured five flies, some of them very difficult; Gallagher at second was quite effective, and Delmage covered first base in capital style. The Eckfords did not have much to do in the field. The veteran Grum caught a foul bound after a long run; and Eggler caught the only flies that came to him. The appended score in detail gives all other particulars:—

Eckford.	H.L.	R.	Is.	T.	Oriental.	H.L.	R.	Is.	T.
Allison, 1st b	4	3	0	0	Delmadge, 1st b	2	2	5	5
Atkinson, 2d b	2	3	4	6	A. Smith, c f	4	0	0	0
Martin, p	0	4	4	4	Heineman, 1 f	4	1	2	2
Nelson, 3d b	5	1	1	1	Bunting, c	1	2	3	3
Hodes, s s	3	2	2	3	Gallagher, 2d b	2	2	3	3
Courtney, c	1	1	1	1	Fitzsimmons, p	3	1	1	4
Treacey, 1 f	3	3	1	4	Kennedy, 3d b	5	0	0	0
John Grum, r f	2	4	2	2	White, r f	3	2	2	3
Eggler, c f	3	2	1	3	Coffee, s s	3	2	2	2
Totals	27	25	15	22	Totals	27	12	18	20

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Eckford	2	1	1	0	4	2	5	3	7—25
Oriental	3	3	0	1	2	1	0	0	0—10

Home runs—Treacey, 1. Left after clean hits—Martin, 3 times; Nelson, 1 time. Fly catches—Allison, 1; Patterson, 1; Martin, 3; Nelson, 1; Hodes, 2; Courtney, 1; Eggler, 2. Total, 9. Foul bound catches—Smith, 5; Heineman, 2; White, 1; Coffee, 1. Total, 9. Foul bound catches—Courtney, 2; Nelson, 1; Grum, 1; Bunting, 2; Fitzsimmons, 1. Catches after three strikes—Courtney on Kennedy, 2; on Gallagher, 1. Base play—Put out by Allison, 2; Patterson, 4; Nelson, 1; Hodes, 1. Total, 8. Assisted by—Allison, 1; Patterson, 1; Courtney, 3; Hodes, 2; Nelson, 1. Put out by—Delmadge, 8; Bunting, 1; Gallagher, 1; Fitzsimmons, 11. Total, 21. Assisted by—Gallagher, 3; Kennedy, 3; Delmadge, 2; Coffee, 1. Double play—By Kennedy and Gallagher, 1. Out on foul balls—Eckford, 5 times; Oriental, 3 times. Scorers—Messrs. Watson and Miller. Umpire—Mr. Wiley, of the Mutual Club. Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

BASE BALL IN GERMANY.

The national game of America has invaded the States of the German Confederation, where several clubs have been organized, and are now prospering, as will be seen by the subjoined letter, giving an account of a game recently played in one of the principal cities:—

DRESDEN, SAXONY, GERMANY, July 15, 1869.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR:—I enclose a match game of base ball played yesterday on the "Union" Base Ball Grounds, in Dresden. We have two clubs in this city, and some first class players, formerly members of junior and senior clubs in the United States, and have very good games. The clubs have been organized since March, and although we experience some trouble by changing players, the Americans in Dresden take a great interest in our good old game, crowds witnessing the contests, travelers, residents and Germans. To the latter it is a puzzle, but affords much pleasure to our countrymen. The Union Club are going up to Freiburg to play a match with the Freiburg club the last of this month, and expect to return with a ball. We call ourselves the champions of Europe, and very likely are, having been victorious with picked and organized nines, containing good players from the Keystone and Empire States. The game was well contested on both sides, the Americans not getting the range of the Union's pitching, while the U's sent the balls to all parts of the field. We give the score:—

Union.	H.	L.	R.	American.	H.	L.	R.
Morrell, 2d b	2		5	Walton, 1 f	3		3
Prentice, 1st b	4		5	McLean, s s	3		3
Williams, c	3		1	Hubbenstein, 2d b	2		1
Painter, p	1		7	Blakeman, 1st b	4		2
Haig, 3d b	3		4	Kent, 3d b	3		4
Gillett, 1 f	4		3	Hale, r f	3		3
Lathrop, c f	4		3	Mitchell, p	3		2
Fabian, r f	4		1	Fowler, c	1		2
Reily, s s	3		0	Lynn, c f	3		1
Total	28			Total	28		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	6	1	4	1	2	4	2	1	7—28
American	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3—31

Out on bases—Union, 3; American, 10. Out on fouls—Union, 5; American, 8. Fly catches—Gillett, 2; Lathrop, 1; Williams, 1; Morrell, 1; Painter, 1—6. Fowler, 2; Mitchell, 1; McLean, 2; Walton, 2; Blakeman, 1—9. Umpire—Mr. Perry, Star Club, of Pennsylvania. Scorers—Messrs. Black and Draper. Time of game—2 hours and 35 minutes.

Yours, &c., C. F. P.

GOTHAM vs. EAGLE.

These old-time amateurs met at the Elysian Fields on the 3d inst., for the first time this season. The Eagles were without the services of Hicks and Stevens, and played a miserable game. The Gothams had out a strong nine, and getting a good lead early in the game, kept it till the finish. Only eight innings were played, it being too dark to commence the ninth. The score:—

Gotham.	H.L.	R.	1st B.	T.	Eagle.	H.L.	R.	1st B.	T.
Marks, c	2	7	7	10	Norton, 1s b	3	3	4	4
Phelan, 1 f	4	4	1	1	Winnacott, 1 f	3	3	5	9
Vincent, p	3	6	5	5	T. Gaughan, 2d b	3	4	5	5
Beadle, 1st b	1	6	5	6	Gallagher, s s	2	4	4	8
Reed, 1 f	2	5	4	9	Kane, c	3	4	4	4
Hall, s s	2	5	3	5	Fleet, 3d b	2	4	4	5
Chanfrau, c f	5	3	2	2	A. Gaughan, r f	1	4	3	3
Mason, 3d b	1	5	2	2	Murphy, p	2	4	4	5
Goodspeed, 2d b	4	4	4	4	Brown, c f	1	3	6	6
Totals	24	46	31	42	Totals	24	36	36	49

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Gotham	2	8	3	8	5	8	6	9	6—46
Eagle	0	2	3	8	6	3	1	10	3—36

Left after clean hits—Phelan, 1; Beadle, 1; Reed, 1; Mason, 1; Winnacott, 2; Fleet, 1. Clean home runs—Marks, 1; Beadle, 1; Reed, 1; Winnacott, 1; Gallagher, 1. Bases on called balls—Phelan, 1; Hall, 2; Goodspeed, 1. Fly catches—Phelan, 1; Beadle, 1; Reed 1; Chanfrau, 1; Mason, 1; Goodspeed, 2—total, 7. T. Gaughan, 3; Murphy, 2; Winnacott, 1; Gallagher, 2; Kane, 1; Fleet, 1; A. Gaughan, 1; Brown, 1—total, 12. Foul bound catches—Kane, 2; Marks, 2. Struck out—Winnacott, 1. Base play—Put out by Beadle, 6; Goodspeed, 4, Marks, 2; Hall, 1; Mason, 1—total, 14. Assisted by Mason, 5; Goodspeed, 3; Hall, 3; Vincent, 2; Reed, 1. Put out by—Norton, 4; T. Gaughan, 2; Fleet, 2; Murphy, 2—total, 10. Assisted by Gallagher, 4; Kane, 3; Fleet, 2; T. Gaughan, 1. Umpire—Mr. Griffin, of the Empire Club. Scorers—Messrs. Connell and Dowling. Time of game—Three hours and 35 minutes.

CHAMPION vs. RESOLUTE.

The Jersey championship was at stake in this match, which took place on the Champion's Grounds on the 4th. The Jersey City boys proved their superiority with the willow, gaining an easy triumph by a score of 45 to 21. The score:—

Champion.	H.L.	R.	Resolute.	H.L.	R.
Clark, 1st b	5	4	Long, s s	3	3
Edwards, r f	4	4	Ball, r f	3	3
Willis, p	1	7	Beardsley, 1 f	2	3
Boyce, c	2	6	Smith, 1st b	4	0
Brown, c f	3	5	Stevens, c f	3	1
Snowden, 1 f	3	4	Forsyth, 3d b	4	1
Donnelly, s s	2	6	Ritter, c	0	4
Jones, 2d b	2	6	Amery, p	1	4
McMahon, 2d b	3	4	Sipp, 2d b	3	2
Total	45		Total	21	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Champions	7	4	7	8	9	3	2	0	5—45
Resolutes	1	0	4	4	5	4	0	3	0—21

Scorers—Messrs. Stilsing and Ritter. Umpire—John Kelly, of the Empires.

LONE STAR vs. MUTUAL.

We give the score of a game played at Springfield, Mass., on July 30th, between the Mutuals of that place, and the Lone Stars, of Chicopee:—

Lone Star.	H.L.	R.	Mutual.	H.L.	R.
Haderman, 1st b	3	1	Field, 1st b	2	2
Moran, c	3	0	Kennedy, 1 f	2	6
Lane, p	3	2	Shaw, 3d b	1	4
J. King, 2d b	3	2	Gibbons, s s	2	1
M. King, 2d b	2	1	Kellogg, c	1	5
Driscoll, s s	1	1	Bryan, 3d b	1	2
Chapman, 1 f	3	3	"Knox," c	1	2
Lyons, c	3	1	Emerson, r f	1	3
Allinson, r f	2	2	Beach, p	1	3
Total	23		Total	12	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	3	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	5—12
Lone Star	0	3	0	1	0	1	5	3	1—13

Umpire—S. H. Wilcox, of the Cincinnati Club. Scorers—Messrs. Carter and Bryan.

THE ECKFORD CHAMPIONS OF 1863 AND 1869.

AN INTERESTING RE-UNION.

The meeting of the Eckford Champion Nines of 1863 and 1869, at the Union Ground, on the 4th inst., was an interesting event. The novelty of the affair called together 1,200 or 1,500 spectators. Frank Pidgeon, one of the old Eckfords, was on hand and was cordially greeted by his former associates. The veteran was introduced to the new champions, and was evidently pleased with the afternoon's sport. With the exception of Swandel, all the players announced to appear were on hand. W. Campbell, who was in the nine of '62, was substituted and played first base, Al. Reach going to third. The game opened favorably for the veterans, who scored one run, and gave their young friends a "blinder." Wood led off with a safe hit to left field, but was forced out at second by Beach; Manolt carried the ball safely to left field, making two bags; Grum flew out to Pinkham; Josh Snyder struck out, but Jewett did not make the catch and was obliged to throw to first. Allison, the first of the Youngsters at the bat, was caught by Reach on a foul fly; Patterson hit to Devyr, and was fielded out at first; Martin was served the same way, the crowd greeting the achievement with applause. In their second innings the veterans made another run, Devyr being the lucky individual. The outs were Reach, on a fly to Eggler; Campbell, on a foul, and Pete Spence (who played in Sprague's place till the third innings) was caught by Allison on a fly. The juniors hit freely for four runs in the second innings. The first base was made six times on eleven hits, but Allison and Patterson were left; Snyder caught Hodes, and Treacey and Martin went out at first by the fielding of Grum (who was pitching) and Devyr. Wood led off in the third innings with a safe hit and scored. The next three strikers were victims to Jewett and Patterson. Sprague now went in to pitch. Sharp fielding again retired the juniors without a run, and the crowd greeted the fact with cheers. Nelson, after getting his base on a good hit, was run out by Wood and Campbell. Devyr threw Hodes out at first; Jewett, after securing his base on a clean hit, attempted to get home on Treacey's stroke to right field, was nicely caught at the home plate by Beach, Wood fielding the ball. In the fourth innings the vets. were whitewashed and the youngsters made four runs. This made the score 8 to 3, which advantage the juniors held till the finish, winning by 30 to 7.

The fielding was very good on both sides. Two or three of the old tops were a little rusty, but as a general thing they fielded in capital style. Campbell in particular was at home at first, while Devyr never played better. Wood had but little to do, and Reach, out of place at third, did not do justice to himself. Sprague pitched very regularly and Beach caught everything that came his way. Manolt did considerable ground and lofty tumbling in the left field, having no spikes in his shoes. He caught one fly very nicely. Grum also took one and Josh. Snyder two. Of the new champions all did well. Nelson made the only error, an overthrow to first base. Jewett did the best fielding, two of the eight fouls he caught eliciting applause. The score is given below:—

Sixty-three.	H.L.	R.	Is.	T.	Sixty-nine.	H.L.	R.	Is.	T.
Wood, 2d b	4	1	2	2	Allison, 1st b	1	3	5	7
Beach, c	4	1	0	0	Patterson, 2d b	4	2	2	5
Manolt, 1 f	3	0	1	2	Martin, p	4	2	3	6
J. Grum, c f	3	1	2	2	Nelson, 3d b	3	2	3	3
Josh Snyder, r f	3	0	1	1	Hodes, s s	5	2	2	3
Reach, 3d b	3	1	1	2	Jewett, c	4	3	1	1
Devyr, s s	2	2	1	2	Treacey, 1 f	5	2	7	17
W. Campbell, 1 b	3	1	2	2	Eggler, c f	4	3	2	4
Sprague, p	2	0	1	1	Pinkham, r f	4	2	4	3
Totals	27	7	9	14	Totals	27	20	32	58

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Sixty-three	1	1	1	0	0	3	0	1	0—7
Sixty-nine	0	4	3	4	4	3	1	7	1—30

Home runs—Treacey, 2; Eggler, 1. Left after clean hits—Manolt, 1; Snyder, 1; Sprague, 1; Allison, 2; Patterson, 2; Martin, 2; Treacey, 1; Eggler, 1. Fly-catches—Snyder 2; Reach, 2; Manolt, 1; Grum, 1; Campbell, 1; total, 7. Jewett, 5; Treacey, 2; Pinkham, 3; Eggler, 1; Hodes, 1; Nelson, 2; Martin, 1; Allison, 1; total, 16. Foul bound catches—Reach, 3; Jewett, 3. Run out—Nelson by Wood and Campbell. Base play—Put out by Campbell, 11; Wood, 1; Beach, 1; Devyr, 1; Sprague, 1; total, 15. Assisted by Devyr, 7; Sprague, 2; Wood, 2; Beach, 1; Grum, 1; Reach, 1. Campbell, 1. Put out by Allison, 4; Patterson, 3; Nelson, 1; total, 8. Assisted by Patterson, 2; Hodes, 2; Jewett, 2; Nelson, 1; total, 8. Out on foul balls—Sixty-three, 9 times; Sixty-nine, 3 times. Scorers—Messrs. Jenkins and Watson. Umpire—Mr. John Goldie, of the Union Club, of Morrisania. Time of game—Two hours and twenty-five minutes.

ATLANTIC vs. UNION.

The first meeting between the Atlantics, of Brooklyn, and Unions, of Morrisania, for the season of 1869, took place at the Capitoline ground on the 5th inst. Since their breaking up of their champion nine of last season, the Unions have remained very quiet, and thus far this season have only played but three games. Notwithstanding the heavy losses the Unions have been subjected to, they have some fine material left, and, before the season closes, will undoubtedly make their mark as amateurs. The weather was rather inclement on the afternoon of the 5th inst., and for this reason there was a very slim attendance to witness the meeting of the ex-champions. A season or two ago a game between these clubs would have called out several thousand spectators. Things have changed lately, however. Like everything else, ball clubs have their ups and downs. One season they lead the van and thousands flock to witness their contests. A few short months, two or three of their best players leave them, and they are almost forgotten by their former admirers.

The Atlantics did not have their full nine out; Pearce was not present, and Kenney was substituted in his place. They played an excellent game, nevertheless. Their batting was quite heavy at times, and Lyons was punished so badly that Norton was substituted after the fourth innings. The Unions showed the want of practice, both at the bat and in the field. Nearly all the batting was done by Austin, Smith and Goldie, and the eight runs were divided between them. Baker, at first, was admirable, and Haines, of last year's Active nine, did remarkably well. Wieberg caught four flies at left field, and Dan Ketchum (of the Union nine of '67) took care of the centre field. The Atlantics fielded sharply, as they had to do to keep their opponents' score down to 8. Crane played second base in something like his old style, and Pike covered centre field acceptably. The rest of the nine played an average game and that is all. The score is appended:—

Atlantic.	H.L.	R.	Is.	T.	Union.	H.L.	R.	Is.	T.
Kenney, s s	5	3	2	3	Austin, c	2	3	2	2
Smith, 3d b	2	5	4	4	Smith, 3d b	3	2	2	3
Start, 1st b	3	3	3	10	Goldie, 2d b	1	1	4	8
Chapman, 1 f	3	5	4	4	Ketchum, c f	2	0	1	2
Ferguson, c	3	5	2	3	Haines, s s	3	0	2	2
Crane, 2d b	0	5	3	4	Baker, 1st b	4	0	1	1
Zettlein, p	2	4	4	4	Wieberg, 1 f	4	0	0	0
Pike, c f	3	3	2	3	Lyons, p	4	0	0	0
McDonald, r f	3	3	2	3	Norton, r f	4	0	0	0
Totals	27	34	23	28	Totals	27	8	12	18

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	4	6	2	5	0	3	2	4	8—34
Union	2	1	1	2	0	1	0	0	0— 8

Fly-catches—Ferguson, 3; Stout, 2; Smith, 2; Chapman, 1; Crane, 1—9. Welberg, 4; Haines, 2; Ketchum, 1; Goldie, 1; Smith, 1—9. Foul-bound catches—Austin, 3; Smith, 1; Ferguson, 3; Chapman, 1; Out on fouls—Atlantic, 5; Union, 8. Left on bases—Atlantic, 6; Union, 7. Umpire—Mr. Tilford, of the Star Club. Scorers—Messrs. Lush and Delaney. Time of game—2 hours and 10 minutes.

THE LATE TOURNAMENT IN CANADA.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—SIR.—In your issue of the 31st of July I find a communication signed W. W. Griffey, in which that individual would have the public believe that I had mis-stated certain facts in reference to the late match between the Tecumsehs, of London, and the Victorias, of Ingersoll, at the Woodstock tournament. Now, I can assure Mr. G. that he is astray, as I did not write for the purpose of puffing down or puffing up either club, but merely chronicled the game as a matter of interest. In reference to Mr. G.'s statement, that the Vics have played *five* games with the Tecumsehs and beaten them *four* times, I beg, most emphatically, to deny the statement, and do so with all due deference to Mr. G.'s assertion. The two games that Mr. G. refers to were played by the Forest City, of London, before the Tecumseh was organized, and the only matches played by the latter were one in Ingersoll, one in London and one in Woodstock. The game in Ingersoll was on the worst ground in Canada, and consequently the Tecumsehs had not a fair show, and sustained a bad defeat. The return match was played in London last summer, and the score stood at the close of the game—Tecumseh, 26; Victoria, 25—in favor of the Tecumseh by one run. The next match (at the late tournament) was the last one played, which ended in a defeat for the Tecumseh, although there are persons *base* enough to say that the game was sold before it had begun, and a spectator could not but notice the extreme bad play of one of the Tecumseh nine, who had a bet against his own club and whose interest, of course, was to do as bad as he possibly could. But this is a side issue. I hope Mr. G., when next he undertakes to flail me, will keep in view the old time-worn maxim:—"Truth is mighty and will prevail." I may add, in connection with this, that it comes with a very bad grace from Mr. Griffey, or any member of the Victoria Club, to mention that they had "beaten the Tecumsehs *four* times," and that they were quite able to do so as "many more times." Now, there is something strange about that statement, knowing as the secretary (Mr. G.) of the Vics. must have done, that they were on the eve of amalgamating with the present champions (the Young Canadians), for the simple reason that they could not muster a nine equal to any of the first class clubs in the province. Since his letter has been in print, the amalgamation has been brought about, and, as I have above stated, it is rather "cheeky" for Mr. G. to make such an assertion. But "fools laugh at their own folly" you know! Why did not Mr. G. take Harry Strong's bet of $100 to $30 on the Tecumsehs against the Vics. at the conclusion of the game? Echo answers, why! MINION.

August 3d, 1869.

ALPHA vs. EXCELSIOR.

The meeting between these crack amateur clubs, which took place on the 3d inst., was one of the most interesting of the season. Both clubs had out their best players, with the single exception of Remsen, of the Alphas. The contest was short and exciting, as well as interesting, and was decided by one run. The batting was light and the fielding capital, very few errors being made. The following full score will give the reader an idea how the game was lost and won:—

Alpha.	H.L.	R.	Is.	T.	Excelsior.	H.L.	R.	Is.	T.
Barrow, s s	1	1	1	1	G. Gaughan, 1st b	2	2	3	3
Moody, c	3	0	1	1	Benner, r f	3	2	3	3
James, 2d b	5	0	0	0	Henderson, 3d b	3	1	3	2
Kennedy, 1st b	2	3	1	2	Eddy, 2d b	3	2	0	0
D. Jackson, 3d b	3	1	1	1	Dohrman, s s	4	0	1	1
Wood, c f	4	1	1	1	Moore, c f	4	1	1	1
Noell, r f	1	2	3	3	Miller, c	2	1	1	1
Hillyer, p	2	1	3	5	D. Chauncey, 1 f	1	0	3	3
Valentine, 1 f	3	1	0	0	Daniel, p	4	0	0	0
Totals	27	10	11	12	Totals	27	9	13	14

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Alphas	1	0	0	2	0	1	0	1	5—10
Excelsior	0	0	2	0	2	1	0	1	3—9

Fly catches—Barrow, 3; Moody, 2; Wood, 1; James, 3; Kennedy, 1; Hillyer, 2; Valentine, 1; total, 13. G. Chauncey, 1; Benner, 1; Henderson, 1; Eddy, 3; Moore, 1; Miller, 1; D. Chauncey, 2; Daniel, 1; total, 12. Foul bound catches—Moody, 2; Miller, 2; D. Chauncey, 1. Base play—Put out by Kennedy, 7; Wood, 1; James, 1; Hillyer, 1; total, 10. Assisted by Barrow, 5; James, 4; Moody, 1. Put out by G. Chauncey, 13; Henderson, 1; Eddy, 1. Assisted by Henderson, 6; Eddy, 2; Dohrman, 2; Daniel, 2; Miller, 1; total, 13. Scorers—Messrs Jones and Holt. Umpire—Mr Hall, of the Star Club. Time of game—One hour and forty-five minutes.

NEWPORT vs. CINCINNATI.

The Holt Juniors, of Newport, Ky., and the first amateur nine of the Cincinnatis, played on the Union Grounds on the 29th ult., the result being a victory for the Red Stockings after a close contest. The play of either nine could hardly be called first class, though it seemed to interest the lookers-on. Marty, a junior, who caught for the Cincinnatis, filled the position very cleverly. The following is the score:—

Holt, Jr.	H.L.	R.	Is.	T.	Cincinnati	H.L.	R.	Is.	T.
Buchanan, r f	4	2	2	3	Prendas, p	1	3	5	5
Larain, p	2	3	1	0	Corry, 3d b	2	0	0	0
J. Richardson, c f	2	4	1	1	Marty, c	3	4	4	5
Blenthinger, c	1	4	1	1	Ellard, 1st b	3	3	5	7
Turner, s s	3	1	3	0	Hall, c f	3	2	2	5
Smith, 3d b	4	2	2	0	Neff, 1 f	3	1	1	2
W. Richards, 2d b	4	2	2	2	O'meara, 2d b	1	4	1	2
Butler, 1st b	4	2	2	2	Dawson, s s	2	5	1	1
Carroll, 1 f	4	2	2	3	Ringwald, c f	1	4	3	3
Totals	27	22	15	12	Totals	27	24	16	13

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Cincinnati	6	7	3	0	0	3	3	1	1—24
Holt	3	1	0	4	0	1	3	0	0—12

Home runs—Hall, 1; Neff, 1; Butler, 1. Umpire—James E. Sherwood, Buckeye B. B. C. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

MUTUAL vs. HARMONIC.

The first game of a series between the Harmonics, of South Brooklyn, and the Mutuals, of New York, came off at the Union Ground on the 6th inst. The Harmonics are a (for) amateur club, and, of course, had no idea of winning a ball from the Mutuals, or even making any sort of show with them. Their principal object in meeting them was to give their nine practice for their coming contests with the crack Mutuals, of New York and Brooklyn, in this respect the game was a good thing for both clubs, for the Mutuals are as much in want of practice as their opponents. The contest was rather one-sided, the Mutuals batting handsomely after the first innings, and fielding sharply all through. The Harmonics hit Wolters for seven runs in the fourth innings, after which Swandel took his place. In fact, change was the order of the day. C. Mills went to short, and Norton to catch, and Wolters to left field. Afterwards Wolters changed off with C. Mills. These changes seemed to work well, and the finish of the game was creditable to the judgment of the Mutual captain. The best playing was done by E. Mills, Fianly, Hatfield and Swadel, of the Mutuals, and Fenniman, Brown, Lewis, Larkins, and Early of the Harmonics. The score is appended:—

Harmonic.	H.L.	R.	Is.	T.	Mutual.	H.L.	R.	Is.	T.
Fenniman, c	3	1	2	2	Hatfield, 3d b	2	7	6	10
Crosby, 1 f	1	2	3	3	E. Mills, 1st b	1	7	6	7
Early, 1st b	1	3	3	3	Fianly, 2d b	5	4	2	3
Lewis, 3d b	3	1	2	2	C. Mills, c	5	3	4	6
Bennett, s s	2	1	2	2	Swandel, 1 f	3	3	4	4
Brown, 2d b	2	1	2	2	Norton, s s	1	0	6	10
C. Hatch, r f	5	0	1	1	McMahon, r f	4	4	2	3
Larkin, c f	4	1	1	1	Wolters, p	2	5	3	3
J. Hatch, p	3	2

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, properly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

J. E. Allen, Thos. Victor Ashton, A. L. W. Albert W. Aiken, W. Arlington, J. W Abbott, Gustave Rideaux, David Braham, Wm Britton, J. Blum, Brown & Sandford, Chas. E. Bidwell, Edwd F. Batchelor, Billy Barry, Wm. C. Brown, Bernard, R. Breunan, Tom Clamson, W. B. Carroll, Willis Cobb, Gus Clark, C. & M., J. H. Cummings, Carle Bros., S. D Chaplin, J. W. Carner, G. C. Charles, Rich'd J. Clarke, M. Costa, O. B Dodd Sam Gardiner, David Goodwin, Frank Gossin, Billy Hart, Jos. G. Hernandes, Frank Huber (2), M. Hartz (2), Ben Wheeler, J. H Haverly (4), Aurelia Bert, Lizzette Bernard (2), Patti Brooks, Mollie Bernard, Caroline Richings Bernard, Lizzie Clinton (2), Rosa Cook, Eloise Clyde, Viola Clifton, A. Chippendale Leonora Creed, Addie Demming, Dashwood Sisters,

E. P. Hardy, E. V. H. Hitchcock, Harry Hart, Chas. B. Hicks, Bob Height, Philip H. Irving, Louis L. James, Frank Kent, H. A. Kendall, Frank Knight, F. L. Keller, Harry A. Lockwood, Alphonse Leroux, Harry Leslie, Wm. Lake, Wm. Lavake, Johnny F. Leavitt, Joe Long, Norman S. Leslie, G. W. Moxley (3), M. L P., Jas. Maguire, M.ck. Buchanan, Johnny McVeigh, A. Macfarlane, B. McAulis, J. R. Miller, J. McMullen, J. P. Murray, T. B McDonough, Frank Miller, Thos. E. Morris, Chas. MacEvoy, W. W. Maynes, B Macauley, Frank Newhall, J. H. O'Connor, Matthew O'Reardon, Dr. W. W. Piper, Frankie DeWitt, Kitty Fyffe, Mrs. J. R. Fisher, Susan Galton (2), Annie Hindle, Leo Hudson, Annie Ball, Kitte Lee, Mad. Macarie, Carrie A. Moore, Malinda Nagle, Mrs. J. C. Nelson, Kate Pennoyer, Josephine Parker,

Wm Peak, Sr., Wally Price (2), Fred. H. Quick, J. E. Robinson, Warren A. Richards, Ricardo, Justine Robinson, N. D Roberts, Edwin Rusk, Harvey Robinson, J. J. Randolph, Will Rockett, John H. Rogers, B. Richerson, Charley Shay, W. H. Seymour, J. A. Sautelle, Jas. F. Sherry, H. C. Spoor, Saml. Sickney, Skiff & Gaylord, Robt. L. Simpson, J. G. Stultz, J. C. Stewart, Geo. Twombly, R. H. Thompson, T. T., W. Bently Tyrrell, Jas. Taylor, Tracy W. Titus, Abraham Vandzant, S. B. Vills, Thos. Williams, Happy Cal Wagner, Joseph Withers, D. G. Waldron, J. B. Whitman, B. F. Whitman, Chas. Weightman, Jenny Quigley, Kate Raymond, Bessie Sudlow, Anna Smith, Ella Sheldon, Jenny Saunders, Mad. L. Tourniaire, Truman Sisters, Variety Actress, Jennie Wallace, Wallace Sisters (2), Louise Wray, Annie Yeamans, ChristincZavistowski

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Aug. 9, '69.

THE MOST novel free show of the past week was the "Eclipse," which came off according to previous announcement on Saturday, August 7, in the presence of a large and an appreciative assemblage of spectators, regardless of sex or color, first come first served, and no exclusiveness in the way of reserved seats. The exhibition was not a *total* success, although near enough so to shut up the eyes of deleterious fowls, and to delude them into the belief that it was roosting time. Roving bands of itinerant cattle were also caught napping; while "Our Jim," who ought to have known better, took advantage of the limited darkness, and hurried off to his unvirtuous couch, insisting that it was time for *all* decent people to be in bed. Although, as we have said, it was but a partial success, it certainly eclipsed all similar displays seen here for the past quarter of a century. New York is entitled to great praise for getting up such an entertainment, and making it free to all, thus completely casting in the shade the town of Boston, Mass., and its recent jumble of a jubilee. Other cities may claim to have had a hand in arranging the light and shadowy entertainment, but it's all bosh; to the "metropolis of America" belongs all the honor. Why the thing was not even dreamed of until New York made the proposition for such a show, and it was not until her men of wealth and influence came forward with their money and advice that other one-horse towns saw that there was something in it, and sought, by their usual underhanded manœuvres, to rob the commercial emporium of the credit to which she was justly entitled. If other cities than New York imagine that they can get up an "Eclipse" like the one presented by the metropolis, let them try it on; but until they give us clear evidence of their ability in this line, "let them put up or shut up," as our rough and ready pugilistic friends are in the habit of saying. "Jimmy, put a little gooserails on the cogs, and see what he will do for the eclipse." "Sir, I think I had no practice in that line, and don't think she'll do herself justice." Well, try her on, at any rate."

CONTEST BETWEEN THE SUN AND MOON.

THE SUN GOES DOWN.

'Twas on the seventh of August, on a Saturday afternoon,
When a slight dispute it did come off between the Sun and Moon;
The earth it did stand calmly by to see there was fair play
Between the lunar orb of Night, and the solar light of Day.
They loosed the reins of power; and the Moon, so eager the race,
Lost the toss, and therefore got "the Sun full in his face."
They "came up smiling" to the scratch, in the firmamental Ring,
While "Time" was called by "Seconds," just like the reg'lar thing.
And 'twas they stood there stripped to work, all stripped to the buff,
Many a wager bold was made as to which would cry enough—
Old Sol the call in betting had, on account of his known game,
His striking and his knocking down having gained him world-wide fame.
When they had shaken hands, and smiled, it was a brilliant sight
To see these light weight champions at once commence

THE FIGHT.

The Sun lunged out a stunnin' blow, which, had it reached its mark,
Would certainly have made the Moon thenceforth keep very dark;
But being active on his pins, he out of distance got,
And when the Sun's own force of fist own blow, went down upon the spot.
Again the Sun began th' tack, though this time somewhat wary,
Which kept the Moon a dancing round, a looking somewhat scary;
But seeing now an opening, while the Sun was off his guard,
The Moon got in a half-arm shot, which hit his very hard.
This very much did nettle him, who, relying on his strength,
Bored in with all his might and main, but again he missed the length,
And went down upon his face once more, all jumbled in a heap,
Which made his partisans look blue, and feel quite cheap
Encouraged by this fall, the Moon stealthily began to creep or
Work his way up to the Sun, and landed on his peeper;
Again he dashed out right and left, his blows his face adorning,
Until, as pugilists would say, the Sun was in "half mourning."
In vain he tried the tide to turn, in vain he tried to bore him,
But the Lunar orb saw through it all, was always right before him,
The Sun, in fact, was quite a match for his antagonist,
His limbs were weak, his tactics bad, his eyesight surely failing;
"Go in and fight," the aunnies cried, "oh, what are you a-doing?"
But the Sun looked like a convict who, for mercy is a-suing.
In vain did he oblige, in vain tried to make amends and be aware—
The Moon Sol's head in chancery got, and drummed it o'er and o'er;
The light from out his eyes was gone, his face was nearly black,
As the Moon it tossed him like a rag, and flung him on his back.
When "Time" was called, he heeded n t; Old Sol there gloomy lay,
All dank and dark and dismal like, a-giving up the day;
His friends all gathered round him, they bathed his limbs with water,
And as the Moon bent over him, he feebly gasped "four quarter."
Too rail the Moon he was to speak, tears made his face so wet—
A sigh, a moan, a gasp, and then—the Sun at last did set.
The Sable Knight, John Darrow, looked on, and gladden ash right,
But dropped a silent tear, to see the Day turned into Night.
Yet "Time" stands not for other's woes, the World moves as of yore—
"The Sun is risen again to-day"—its conflicts now are o'er.

.....Some people have gained a reputation for being funny without their being a party to it, at all. Now there's young Grimshaw, utility man and carriage announcer. The people tell him he's funny, and go where he will he is expected to say something smart and make people laugh. "Our Jim" says the man is a compulsory fraud, and of no account whatever. Grimshaw came into the office the other day to see if there was an "opening" anywhere. "How do you do?" says Jim, in his usual courteous manner. "I do as I please," replied the funny chap, with a chuckle. "Well, it will do as you please," says Jim, in a very sarcastic manner and a withering tone of voice, "it must bring you into the hands of the police pooty often." And Jim turned upon his heel, and wiped away at his nose, adding, as he marched along, "I don't 'low no dam fool like that there to play his pints on to me, *I* don't..... There are few drunken men willing to acknowledge the corn when they are taxed with it. But "Our Jim" is another sort of person altogether. When we first knew Jo. he was a regular supe at the old Broadway, and he might have been there to this day had he let whiskey alone, and the theatre had not been torn down. If we ever told you this little incident about Joe just shut your eyes while other folks enjoy it. We were sitting in our cimsumscribed attic, one day, trying to make public opinion at so much a column, for the *People's Eagle*, when Mad. Macarie entered, and asked, not for money, but for something to eat. The man had been bathing in the flowing bowl, so to speak, the scent of the tansy clinging to him like a Chatham street bootblack to an ear of hot corn. You know, dear readers, that we all feel a disposition, at times, to have a little sport at the expense of the unfortunate; so we felt at the time Joe made his first appearance before us. "Something to eat, eh? Well, you shall have it, for whatever else you may be, you are not drinking man, that's evident," we said, fully expecting him to disclaim all use of the ardent; but instead, he stared at us in amazement, and then blurted out:—"The hell I aint; aint I drunk now?".....Was King Lear kingher than any other monarch?.....And, talking about crowned heads, "Our Jim," having heard the line:—

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,"

fell to wondering whether it wou l make a feller rest better to be scalped. He finally ca ne to the conclusion, however, that the quotation was it self a lie, for he thinks that some of the crowned heads can *lie* about as easily as common folks.....As a new season will shortly commence in the theatrical world, player folks should endeavor to avoid, in future, by a proper course of regimen and discipline, those many evidences of "indisposition" which have shone so frequently of late years on the public stage, and with which so many of our young Thespian friends have been afflicted. Beware of the tempter, and shun excess in all things as you would shun a leper. [*Note to compositor*:—Please don't spell this word leaper. ED.]

ADVICE GRATIS.

Each son of Thespis should his conduct watch,
That to his calling no disgrace attach;
So let this truth each actor's mind engage—
He should act well both on and off the stage.

.....An actress, upon whose word we can rely, related to us an incident the other day, an actual occurrence, to which she was an interested party. It is a rather heavy run on a certain young medical friend of ours, and the cream of the joke is that it is a literal fact. He was sent for in great haste, one evening, to administer to the woes of a lady who was represented to be in extremity. He had not been admitted to the practice of medicine for any great length of time, and consequently he started for his patient's abode with an awful sense of the responsibility resting upon him. Arrived at the dwelling of his patient, he was ushered at once into her presence. The sick lady, who proved to be young and handsome, was lying in bed, looking weak and worn, and somewhat frightened. Our young M. D. advanced to the bedside with that peculiar smile and look of unutterable knowledge which all doctors seem to feel called upon to assume under such circumstances. Our friend felt, also, that these early cases were crises in his career, and that he must impress his patients with a high idea of his professional knowledge, in order to retain their custom and gain others. There was in the room no one besides the sick girl, save her mother. The young lady seemed to be in considerable pain, for she moaned constantly. He took her wrist and gravely felt her pulse, and then examined her tongue. He then questioned her as to where she felt the most pain, and was informed that it seemed to come from the stomach. The Doctor now seemed satisfied; and, drawing forth his tablets, began to write a prescription. Here the elderly lady, who had been intently observing him, broke in abruptly by asking in no gentle tones what he was doing. He informed her politely that he was prescribing. "For what?" she asked. "It's the *cholera morbus*," was the reply; "painful, but no ways dangerous with proper care. I had an attack of it myself about a week ago." "What!" shrieked the old lady, "*you* have had *this* disease?" "O yes," was the easy reply, "and pulled through it nicely." "And you mean to say that you've been afflicted with my daughter's disease?" "Of course!" was the somewhat impatient answer. "Well," was the majestic rejoinder, "then you deserve to be congratulated, for *you're the first man that ever did have it!*" The patient was *a mother* before morning. The doctor is decidedly tender on the subject of *cholera morbus*, as may well be imagined.

City Summary.

"ARRAH NA POGUE" was revived at Niblo's Garden on the 2d inst. This Irish drama was originally produced at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, Nov. 7th, 1864, and at the Princess' Theatre, London, March 22d, 1865, with the following cast:—*Dublin*—Beamish McCoul, Mr. Rignold; Colonel Bagneal O'Grady, John Brougham; Shaun-the-Post, Dion Boucicault; Feeney, Mr. Reynolds; Fanny Power, Mrs. B. White; Arrah Meelish, Mrs. D. Boucicault. *London*—Colonel Bagneal O'Grady, John Brougham; Beamish McCoul, H. Vandenhoff; Shaun-the-Post, Dion Boucicault; Feeney, Dominick Murray; Arrah Meelish, Mrs. Dion Boucicault; Fanny Power, Miss M. Oliver. It was first presented in this city at Niblo's Garden on July 12th, 1865, with the following cast:—Shaun, Mr. Glenney; Arrah, Josie Orton; Fanny Power, Fanny Fitz Farren; Beamish McCoul, W. E. Sheridan; Feeney, William Scallan, and Katty, Mary Wells. It had a run of nine weeks and was produced to excellent business, the receipts reaching nearly $100,000. It is now revived with the following cast:—Shaun, Dan Bryant; Feeney, Dominick Murray; Arrah, Rose Eytinge; Fanny Power, Josephine Fiddes; Katty Walsh, J. M. Burke; Col. O'Grady, Alex. Fitzgerald; Beamish McCoul, J. Carden; the Secretary, J. R. Healy; Major Coffin, C. H. Rockwell; the Sergeant, G. F. Ketchum; Winterbottom, J. W. Brutone; Owney Farrel, George Charles; Regan, W. McIntyre; Lanaghan, W. Daly; Patsy, A. Chapman; Moran, J. Dennison. It was re-produced on Aug. 2d to a well filled but not crowded house. The reception that greeted Dan Bryant was most enthusiastic, the house ringing with repeated calls, hurahing and stamping of feet. Dominick Murray (his first appearance in America) also met with a cordial greeting, as did his wife, Josephine Fiddes, and Rose Eytinge. The first act had progressed to the scene between Arrah and O'Grady, when a terrible explosion was heard, and in an instant smoke commenced to pour into the auditorium from the lobby on the Crosby street side, and at the north of the family circle entrance on that street. With the explosion came a great crashing of glass. The audience were at once seized with a panic, many supposing that the family circle had given way, the dense volume of smoke preventing, for a few minutes, any one from discovering what was the real cause. Ladies screamed, and, leaving their seats, rushed frantically out of the parquet and parquet circle to the main vestibule, some of whom were so frightened that they retired from the theatre, while others, who had learned that all danger was passed, returned to their seats as soon as they had composed themselves. Several parties attempted to get upon the stage, but there was as much confusion there as in the body of the house. All the company rushed from behind the scenes, also all the stage hands in their shirt sleeves, all trying to get the audience seated, and attempting to speak, but not a word said could be heard. Finally, one of the carpenters appeared with a placard, setting forth that all danger was passed and to keep their seats. The curtain was dropped, but quickly raised, when on went the performance, but in dumb show, until the act ended. Then a rush was made to view those scenes "not so charming," and it was discovered that a tank containing calcium had exploded in a room below the theatre, and that this was the cause of the concussion which tore up a large portion of the flooring and smashed the windows. It appears that the managers purchased an inferior quality of this gas, at an up town place, which was so bad that it exploded. It was a fortunate thing that the explosion did not take place between the acts for many would have been killed, as the promenade, where it took place, is generally filled with gentlemen. As it is, it is a miracle that no one was seriously injured, as the explosion occurred scarcely ten feet from those sitting in the parquet circle. When the curtain rose on the second act, the audience had been reseated and quiet restored. The performance terminated at half past eleven o'clock. "Arrah Na Pogue" has been well placed upon the stage, so far as the general mounting of it is concerned, but, with very few exceptions, the cast is extremely weak, and, taken on the whole, the performance anything but a satisfactory one. Mr. Bryant is a great local favorite as a minstrel performer, which goes a great way with his audiences, but he has not the least idea of the *role* of Shaun, and a more unsatisfactory performance we have scarcely ever witnessed. He lacks those delicate touches of true art which throw over an impersonation the coloring of truth. His fun is not the kind which genius awakens in the soul, that lights up the face. He is the Irishman of the theatre—of the Barney Williams class—but not of nature. There is a want of feeling, or, more properly speaking, a want of pathos. Mr. Glenny's impersonation of Shaun was great. He threw himself heart and soul into the character, executing with vigor the author's ideas. He was natural, very easy, and a true born broth of a boy, all of which Mr. Bryant was not. Dominick Murray is, no doubt, a good actor, but the part of Feeney is not one by which he can be judged, or in which he can expect to make a great impression, for it is one of those types of character which do not catch the sympathies. However, we saw enough to convince us that he must be a pretty good actor, but we do not like the idea of his making the part a second edition of Quilp. Although a little nervous at first, Rose Eytinge was very acceptable as Arrah. Josepnine Fiddes disappointed us as Fanny Power. We had seen this lady as Miranda in the "Tempest," her performance of which was pretty severely condemned by the entire press. Therefore, we were agreeably disappointed in witnessing her re-appearance, in this *role*, for it was highly satisfactory throughout. Her voice is a little weak, but she speaks her lines well, looks pretty, and has a pleasing face, and walks the stage naturally. Ketchum's Sergeant was one of the most natural performances in the piece. J. Burke overacted the part of Katty. Alex. Fitzgerald, who was so favorably received at this house in "After Dark," played the *role* of Grady. On Wednesday evening, he was so full of "indispoesments," or something else of an invigorating nature, that he not only spoiled his own part by his inability to speak the lines correctly, and by interpolating driveling balderdash as his muddled sense suggested, but he spoiled the acting of all those hapless persons who were unfortunate enough to be implicated in the scenes with him. His condition was noticed by the audience, and several attempted to hiss him, which he deserved, but the *claquers* are in such large numbers at this house that they went to work with a will, and forestalled public opinion. The effect of this last scene, last act, of the climbing by Dan Bryant of the ivy wall, was spoiled by the loud voice of some one behind the stage, who could be heard all over the house directing the stage, and telling Dan all his business. He also had a dumb sentinel, whom it was with great difficulty he could make understand his business, actually having to tell him to quit the stage. All this should not occur, for it is the stage manager's business to see that it is "up" at rehearsal. "Arrah" has not been nearly as successful as was anticipated.

MRS. SIDNEY BATEMAN'S "Self" was produced at Wallack's Theatre on the 2d inst. It is not a comedy, but a farce in four acts. It possesses the merit of smartness—contains some good sentiment, but is destitute of wit or originality. It is prosy, full of exaggeration, badly put together, and filled up with too many characters. Not that there is something interesting about it. As a satire, it is a success, but were it not for the excellent manner in which it is served up to the public by the company at present at this house, it would certainly not run for a week. As it is, it has been attracting very good houses the past week and keeps the bills for the present. Every character is admirably played, and the excellent acting rendered less observable the defects of the piolt. Mrs. Gilbert is a monstrosity unknown to the fashionable circles of this city. She is a caricature, pushed to the utmost verge of extravagance. But how charming is the character of Mary Apex, whose filial affection surmount the cold neglect of her father. The delineation of the harsh stepmother and ambitious wife is ably drawn. Charles Sandford, Mr. Apex and Cypher Cynosure, are, weak but tolerable portraitures. Mary Apex and Aunt Chloe are the most natural characters in the piece. The first act is passable; but more than half of the second is unnatural. The third act partly atones for the second, yet it is constrained, artificial and repulsive in many of its features. John Unit is one of Mr. Owens' best impersonations. His musings on his loneliness upon his sixteenth birthday, as he sat in his arm chair, sad and solitary, were touchingly and exquisitely given. He dropped all identity of himself and the man was merged in the part, leaving, to our minds, nothing to be desired. This character at once establishes, were it necessary, the true artist in Mr. Owens. Annie Deland appeared as Mrs. Apex. She acted well her part, and looked as young, good and kind as the author desired. The Aunt Chloe of Mrs. Frank Mordaunt deserves the highest commendation. In voice, manner and action she played the *role* to the life, and most deservedly received frequent bursts of applause. This is her first appearance in New York. The Apex of Oliver Doud was well conceived and acted with judgment and good taste. Florence Stanley as Mrs. Radius dressed the part with considerable taste, and spoke the ungracious words of her part with as good grace as possible. Mr. Floyd made all that was possible out of the inconsiderable part of Cynosure. Effie Germon looked gentle, kind and sweet as Mary Apex.

MESSRS. KELLY AND LEON returned to this city from London, Eng., on Aug. 6th.

PROF. SYLVESTER arrived in this city, from London, accompanied by his family, on Aug. 6th, under engagement to the Tammany.

THE ZAVISTOWSKI SISTERS have been secured by Manager Wood, for a lengthy engagement, to commence on August 30th, or September 6th, the opening of the regular fall season.

AUGUSTIN DALY commences his season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on the 16th inst., when he will produce a new comedy by T. W. Robertson, entitled "Play," in four acts, with original additions by a local pen. Among the company already secured by Mr. Daly are Edward L. Davenport, George Clarke, J. B. Polk, George Holland, Harry Ryner, James Lewis, Mrs. Jenwings, Agnes Ethel, and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, all of whom will appear on the opening night. The full company is as follows:—E. L. Davenport, George Clarke, George Holland, D. H. Harkins, J. B. Polk, W. Davidge, T. F. Egbert, H. Ryner, W. Beekman, F. Chapman, J. M. Cooke, George Jordan, Jr., Pierce and Peck, Mrs. Clara Jennings, Mrs. F. T. Chanfrau, Miss Agnes Ethel, Miss Marie Longmore, Miss Fanny Davenport, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Mrs. M. Wilkins, Miss Lena Edwin, Mrs. Emma Kuhl, Miss Ames, Miss Emily Lewis, Miss Almy, Mrs. Norwood, and Miss Tyson. Later in the season Mrs. Scott Siddons will join the company, when some of those dashing "breeches" plays which Dora Jordan and Peg Woffington used to make popular, will be revived. W. Sanders, so long at the Olympic, is principal machinist; Jesse Saunders is the property man (years ago he was under Laura Keene and at the Old Bowery); the gas and calciums are by Hadley, lately at Booth's; Miss Flanley is the costumer; H. Tisington is leader of orchestra, while A. Appleton takes charge of the box office; D. H. Harkins is stage manager. Jules J. Beneux, prompter. We are given to understand that the scenery in the opening piece will be very elaborate, and will be by James Roberts, the English artist who got up the "Seven Sisters," and by Louis Dufiocq, a son of the great scene painter of the grand opera in Paris. The stage is small, but in order to make it more roomy Mr. Daly has had the grooves taken away, and the scenes will be set on the latest improved plan from wall to wall. A thorough ventilating apparatus has been put in the theatre at a cost of $4,000, and a deal of new painting and new carpeting has been done.

THE HANLON BROTHERS—George, William, Alfred and Frederick—together with their three pupils they brought from Europe, and called the "Three Midgets," are hard at work practicing some new, and said to be the most startling aerial acts ever witnessed in public. They are at the residence of Eaton Stone, in Franklin, N. J., where they have one of the best places for practicing in the country. It is their intention to be prepared to do their new feats in public early in September, and will attempt them for the first time in public at the Tammany, where they are negotiating to appear first. At the close of this engagement they will go on a traveling tour with a pretty strong combination.

LUCILLE WESTERN appeared all the past week in her touching and grand impersonation of "East Lynne" to a succession of most excellent houses. This week she appears as Cynthia in "Flowers of the Forest," which is to be given each evening. On the 16th inst. will be presented the "Sea of Ice," which has been so long in preparation. Miss Western will appear as Ogarita to James Herne's Don Carlos. It is to be presented in grand style, every scene used having been done in Marston's best style, and it is expected to run until the season closes.

KATE DUNN, daughter of James Dunn, the well known and popular vocalist and actor, was married in this city on July 28th, to George Bennett, a non-professional. She has been engaged for the Theatre Comique.

THE WORRELL SISTERS—Sophie and Jenny—opened the fall season at Wood's Museum on Aug. 2d, with the London burlesque of "Lalla Rookh," localized and otherwise altered to suit the sisters by B. A. Baker. There was a pretty fair sized audience in attendance, and business continued fair, but not great, throughout the week. The burlesque is a very cleverly written travesty, contains many puns, but is not so replete with songs as many other burlesques. It is of the oriental order, and affords some opportunity for the display of handsome costume, very little of which, however, has Jenny adopted. In fact, we thought that she had made her entrance in such haste that she had forgotten to put any drapery on above her waist, either in front or behind. The first dress of Sophie's is not at all suitable either for the part or the lady, but her second one is very handsome and becoming. Sophie appeared to be in excellent spirits throughout the performance, but Jennie took very little, if any, interest in the action of the travesty. She came forward, stood perfectly motionless, speaking her words like an automaton and made her exit, all of which was done as if she was laboring under some great difficulty. Probably her careless manner of acting was attributable to the fact that she was well aware how badly she was supported. There is not a singing person in the entire organization that understands music excepting George Lingard, and he plays old men. Mr. Morton is a clever actor, but no singer. Edward Coleman is a good eccentric comedian and character actor, but he should not attempt to sing. Of the ladies we have nothing in praise to say, but much in the way of condemnation. While there is not a good actress in the company, they should studiously avoid any attempts at singing, for they fail to please. The Worrell Sisters continue their engagement. Every afternoon the past week the regular stock company, without the Worrell Sisters, appeared in the "Peep Show Man" and "The Foundling."

TONY PASTOR was welcomed on Monday evening, the 2d inst., by a densely crowded audience—the largest he has yet had on any previous opening night of his Opera House. When the performance commenced and the gas was turned on full head, the auditorium presented a beautiful appearance, for Tony has had the house painted in oil instead of water colors, making it more endurable and inviting. The audience was a large one, among whom were quite a sprinkling of ladies. After the overture the Hibernian Boys appeared in a double song and dance. These youngsters have been with Tony for some time and have improved very much of late, until they now do a good act for their age, either as clog dancers or in a song and dance. Miss Somers followed with a ballad and received an *encore*. Miss Somers, who was formerly with the Carter Zouave Troupe, but who was with Tony Pastor all the past season, has, until now, made a specialty of clog and jig dancing, and went into the *ballet* the latter part of last season. Since the troupe went to Boston she has been learning fancy dancing, and is getting along very well. She is quite young and bids fair to make a smart and versatile performer. The very odd act entitled "The Charleston Girls" introduced George Warren and J. W. McAndrews, the former with his banjo and the latter as Old Uncle Snow. Mr. Warren is a good banjo player, while McAndrews is one of the best impersonators of the real old plantation nig that we have ever seen. His make-up is excellent, while his manner of speaking and his walk are just as we have met them in the south. His every action is in perfect keeping with the original, and on the whole he gives us the most truthful representation of a southern negro that we have seen since the days of old Daddy Rice. Helene Smith is an artistic *danseuse* and gave a medley in good style. Tony Pastor came next, with his budget of comic songs, and his reception was of the most enthusiastic description. He opened with "Good Bye, John," which is a taking song and is possessed of a pleasing melody. Tony sings it well. He was *encored* three times and gave "Happy, Gay and Free," sung by Alice Dunning. Edwin is quite a comedian in other songs. Tony is good vocalist and has a style that just takes with the public. Following him came Bobby Newcomb, with his songs and dances, and he received four *encores*. Sallie Mason, a new candidate for public favor on the east side, appeared in a variety of serio-comic ballads. She has a good stage presence and a fair voice. Frank Kearns, who is one of the most versatile performers that put on burnt cork, appeared in a Dutch act, and was intensely comical indeed. His make up and acting of Mistress Jinks was very laughable. The double clog dance by Jennie Benson and Alice Somers was a good act. Jennie is one of the best female clog dancers before the public, while Miss Somers is constantly improving and is now a good cloggist. "Pastimes on the Levee" afforded McAndrews another opportunity of showing how good a performer he is. Marie Gorendo is a most finished *danseuse* and has a host of admirers on the east side. The evening's amusement terminated with the drama of "The Champion of Ireland," taken from the CLIPPER story of the "Dead Boxer," introducing Sam Collyer as Laudher O'Rourke. G. W. Thompson, T. G. Riggs and Addie Le Brun were in the cast, all of whom met with a good reception.

THE CHINESE GIANT, CHANG, who arrived in this city from Europe on July 29th, accompanied by his wife Kingfoo, and his manager, Mr. Carlieit, of Norwich, Eng., has been secured by George Wood, and will open at the Museum on Aug. 16th. Chang and his wife visited the CLIPPER office on August 4th, accompanied by his manager. As he stepped out of his carriage a large crowd gathered about the door, and remained there until he made his exit from the office. He is the tallest giant that has ever been seen in this country or Europe, Winslow Homer taller than Jim Porter, who up to the present had been the tallest of all giants. He traveled for several years, and finally settled down in Portland, Ky., where he kept a hotel for some time, which was the resort of steamboat men on the Mississippi river. He died about eight years ago. About ten or twelve years ago there lived a giant in Jacksonville, East Tennessee, who weighed nearly one thousand pounds, and who was said to be nearly eight feet high. He was a well-to-do farmer, and would never exhibit himself in public. At his death it took seventeen men to lift him in his coffin. Chang, the present giant, has been on exhibition in Paris and England. In the former city the Emperor presented him with a valuable diamond ring and a gold watch, and in England, at the request of the Prince and Princes of Wales, he visited the Marlborough House. He came to America unengaged, but had no sooner arrived than he was secured by Mr. Wood. He is said to be eight feet eight inches high, but this is with his hat on, his real height being about seven feet eight inches. He speaks several languages, including English, which he does very well. His head is nearly all shaved, and his face is destitute of any beard. He has a large head and feet, and is otherwise proportionably large. His weight is 350 lbs. His wife is a native of Siamese and is very small. She wears a black high hat, but when on exhibition he appears in a Chinese costume.

THE ARION SOCIETY, of this city, having asked the Liederkranz to compete with them for the championship in music, the latter met on the 3d inst. to consider, when they decided that the Liederkranz were totally opposed to bringing the "customs of the prize ring" into their organization, and voted that it was unfit at any time to be connected with the Arions, the proceeds to be appropriated to the German Hospital, or any other benevolent German institution in New York. The Liederkranz are evidently getting airy on nothing. There are many ways of getting out of a match when the opposite party is considered too much for the challenged one.

P. S. GILMORE, projector of the Peace Jubilee in Boston in June last, sailed for Europe on the 4th, accompanied by his wife.

MRS. EDWIN BOOTH has been compelled to return to this city from Long Branch for the treatment of an abscess in her ear.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON opened his engagement at Booth's Theatre on the 2d inst., with his specialty, "Rip Van Winkle," originally presented by him Sept. 4th, 1865, at the Adelphi Theatre, London. It is a different version from that played by J. H. Hackett and others. Mr. Jefferson first appeared in this version, in this city, at the Olympic Theatre, Sept. 3d, 1866. It has been produced at Booth's in excellent style, the scenery being very handsome, and the house has been densely crowded every evening, there not being even standing room any evening.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE opens for the regular season on the 16th inst., with the dramatic company, who will appear in Byron's burlesque of "Blow for Blow." Miss Ada Webb will be the first star, opening on the 16th, for two weeks, to be followed by Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence. During the coming season the theatre has undergone a thorough renovation, having been painted and otherwise improved.

FRANK LACY, the harlequin in "Humpty Dumpty" and "Hiccory Diccory Dock," at the Olympic Theatre, terminated his engagement at that establishment on the 7th inst., and takes steamer for **Europe on** the 10th instant. Mr. Lacy was the recipient of many favors prior to his taking leave of his old associates. Mr. Hayes, Manager of the Olympic, gave him a check on the bank for five hundred dollars currency, as a mark of esteem and for his valuable services rendered in the two pantomimes. Accompanying the gift was a flattering letter acknowledging the able and attentive manner with which he impersonated Harlequin in "Humpty Dumpty" for four hundred and eighty-three consecutive performances and ninety-four appearances in "Hiccory Diccory Dock," making in all five hundred and seventy-seven performances. On the occasion of his farewell appearance, on the 7th inst., he was presented with a leather belt with a handsome silver clasp, in the centre of which was a raised star, upon which is engraved "Frank Lacy, the Star Harlequin of America, presented as a token of esteem by Tony Denier, C. K. Fox, E. S. Tarr, B. J. Knapp and L. M. Sutton." This was handed to him by Millie Sackett during the metamorphosis of the principal characters in scene five, act one of the pantomime, in a neat manner. He was afterwards presented with a handsome gold medal, consisting of a Maltese cross, suspended to a small gold chain and a harlequin's bat, the latter being the pin. Between the pin and the cross are two Arabic numerals and a spread eagle. Engraved upon the cross is "Presented to F. Lacy, as a mark of esteem, by George L. Fox." It was given him in a most modest manner by Mr. Fox, who pinned it to his left breast, while Mr. Lacy was supposed to be sleeping in a chair.

"HICCORY DICCORY DOCK" will continue to hold the boards of the Olympic until about Sept. 6th, when it will be withdrawn for "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which has been in active preparation for some time, and will be produced with new scenery and appointments. It is expected to have a run, but this remains to be seen, although whenever this drama has been revived and well put upon the stage it has, in almost every instance, been a success, and been the means of saving the falling fortunes of many a theatre. W. C. Ravel, who has been playing the Sprite in the pantomime, will, for the remainder of its run, appear as Harlequin.

KATE FISHER terminated her three weeks' engagement at the Bowery Theatre, on the 7th inst., and is followed this week by W. H. Whalley, who has been laid up with sickness for a number of weeks. He is to open this evening in the sensation drama of "The Mysteries of Canova, or Will and the Way." Mr. Whalley is quite a favorite on the east side.

MATED.—An interesting ceremony took place on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 1st, at the residence of C. K. Fox, in Eighty-fifth street, this city. It was the marriage of Jenny Fox to Jack Denier. Jenny is an *attache* of the Olympic Theatre, and appeared in "Humpty Dumpty" during its run, not losing a single performance, while Mr. Denier was a member of the Tony Denier "Humpty Dumpty" troupe the past season. There were present at the ceremonies Geo. L. Fox, Tony Denier, Billy Shellhardt, C. K. Fox and others. Tony Denier and C. K. Fox acted as bridesgrooms.

ELLIE DE COURCY, right name Patti Reno, has returned to this city, and requests us to state that she and her sister "were induced to come to this country by a man named Marshall, who, after taking them to Canada, deserted them, and their baggage was claimed as security for his debts, which left them entirely destitute, and had

CONCHITA RONZATTI, *danseuse*, has been engaged for the Waverley.

FRED. G. MAEDER is spending a few weeks at Cliffwood, N. J., directly opposite Keyport, where he is engaged in writing a new sensational romantic drama for the Zavistowski Sisters, to be finished by the opening of the fall season. Mr. Maeder also has a drama in the hands of E. L. Davenport, and "Oriana" in Lizette Bernard's, besides several stock plays that are to be done at the Boston Museum, Varieties, New Orleans, and other leading theatres. Amongst these are:—"Birds of a Feather," "On the Brain," "Sudden Death" and "Red Riding Hood."

THE WEBB SISTERS, Emma and Ada, are at Saratoga, N. Y.

THE OLYMPIC, St. Louis, Mo., will open on Aug. 30th, under the management of Spaulding, Bidwell and MacDonough, who are also managers of the new Memphis Theatre and the Academy of Music, New Orleans. The regular company at the Olympic change their base every two weeks, so that novelties will be constantly presented. Even phlegmatic St. Louis ought to be satisfied with this.

BEN DE BAR'S COMPANY for the Opera House, St. Louis, will be as follows for the coming season:—G. D. Chaplin, stage manager and leading man; Harry Loomis, juvenile; H. B. Norman, heavy business; George Fisher, first old man; J. F. Post, second old man; Charles Rogers, first comedian; S. K. Post, second comedian; Miss M. A. Pennoyer, leading lady; Miss Alice Seidler, *soubrette;* Mrs. Emma Stone, first walking lady; Miss Fisher, second chambermaid and character actress; Miss Nellie MacHenry, second chambermaid; Mrs. Post, first old woman; Misses Clark and Turner, general utility. De Bar has made arrangements, among others, with the following stars:—John E. Owens, Barney Williams and wife, the Lydia Thompson Troupe, John Brougham, John Collins, Chanfrau, Edwin Adams, Parepa Rosa English Opera Troupe, Lotta, Mrs. Gladstane, the Chapman Sisters, Maggie Mitchell and the Moriacchi Troupe.

THE ENTERPRISE COMBINATION TROUPE re-opened at the opera house, Pittsburgh, on July 31st, Wm. H. Stuart taking a benefit. The performance consisted of the "Ticket of Leave Man" and "Box and Cox," W. H. Stuart as Bob Brierly, T. J. Rourke as Cox, and F. Moore as Box.

THE "HUMPTY DUMPTY" PARTY that traveled the past season so successfully under the management of John Elsler, of Cleveland, Ohio, contemplate starting out for the fall season under the same management, with Alex. Fisher as business manager. They open their season in Rochester, N. Y., on Aug. 23d, presenting pantomime and *ballet* as a feature. Managers having time and desiring to secure this party will address the authorized parties to transact the business as per card elsewhere.

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted for Squire's Opera House, Grand Rapids, and for Hamblin's Opera House, Battle Creek, Mich. Address as per advertisement.

G. W. REED

gave a varied and attractive programme, including duets, trios and quintets, a concerto on twenty-four wine glasses, and solo on wood and straw, concluding with an operetta each evening.

THOS. PROSHO, first violinist, advertises that he can be engaged.

THE HOWSON BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE have left Colorado. Their first week in Denver and first week in Central were good. The rest of the engagement was not a pecuniary success. Emma Howson is the great attraction of the troupe.

Variety Halls.

BRICE AND BOND'S VARIETY THEATRE, Petro'eum Centre, Pa., (late Akin's Hall), is open for the season under the management of R. Edwards. *Danseuses* and lady vocalists are wanted. See advertisement.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Richmond, Va., has been remodeled and painted, and will be opened for the fall and winter season. Artists desiring engagements at this house will find the proprietor's address in our advertisement columns.

THE ACADEMY OF FUN, Omaha, Nebraska, is the only place of amusement open in that city. Ned Straight, Frank Steele, M. B. Leavitt, Ned Fox, James Hayes, Miss Lamareux, Zadie Lloyd and Mlle. Josephine are in the company. A new burlesque on the "Seven Sisters," written by Ned Fox and Ned Straight, had the most successful run of any recent production at that establishment.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Omaha, closed on July 31st, and the party have gone on a traveling tour.

AT THE VARIETIES, Milwaukee, Wis., with Fisler and Schauss as managers, the company engaged there consists of Geo. Kurtz, J. Mackin, Salhe Eldridge, Miss O'Neil, Miss Stacey and Hank De Von. Tim Hayes joined the forces on July 29th, and appeared in his Irish songs and dances, and clog dance.

THE VARIETIES of Toledo, Ohio, is reported as doing a good business with the following company:—Miss Minnie, fancy *danseuse*; Master Johnny, cloggist; Geo. Dormer, comic vocalist; Minnie Estelle, ballad singer; Fred McAvoy and wife; and Johnny Shey. The price of admission is only 15 cents, which appears to take well, as the house is nightly crowded.....At the International the admission is 25 cents, and the old company remain.

DAVIS' MUSIC HALL, Baltimore, Md., is having its full share of public patronage. Several acquisitions have been made to the troupe since our last, prominent among whom is J. W. Berkley, banjoist and general performer, also Lottie Edwards and Jennie Jerome, vocalists. Alf. Miles and Charley Monroe are still doing the Ethiopian business, the latter including Irish songs and farces. Emma Gertrude, *dansouse*, is lying dangerously ill with the typhoid fever.

WILLIAM E. SINN purposes opening the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, on Sept. 6th, as a variety place of amusement, and, as will be seen by a card among our theatrical advertisements, is desirous of securing first class talent.

SALLIE SWIFT, whose specialities are Indian club act and banjo solos, may be engaged by addressing her as per advertisement in another column.

THE VARIETY BUSINESS IN CINCINNATI is quite prosperous at present. So says our correspondent, who adds:—"The Race Street has brought out an edition of the can-can, differing in a few respects from Yale's version. There is no funny Dutchman, and there are several acts introduced, among others the Grecian Statues, by Minnie Clark and Zella Renard, who also sustain the characters respectively of Marquis St. Sue and Frailty. The can-can itself is not anyways different from Yale's. Frank Wilson and Frank Carlton do a splendid double act called Grecian Statues, a decidedly artistic thing in burnt cork..... At Yale's, R. A. Griffin made his first appearance the past week as a gilt dancer. The can-can at this establishment is still running with undiminished popularity, and drawing as large houses as ever. Through the efforts of one of the morning papers here Mr. Yale was arrested last week for giving an indecent exhibition. He was bound over for his appearance at the Police Court on Aug. 4th, at which time the case was continued to Aug. 17. In the meantime the arrest, &c., is a good advertisement for the institution, and the can-can still flourishes under the influence of crowded houses and large receipts. I am rather inclined to the opinion that there is a larger development of the understanding in Nellie Whitney's can-can than in any other that has come under my inspection.....Collins' New York Varieties is also in a flourishing condition."

THE OLYMPIC, Brooklyn, will open for the regular season on Aug. 23d, under the lesseeship of R. M. Hooley and T. L. Donnelly. During the time the house has been closed it has been remodelled, painted and decorated. Performers desiring engagements will apply to T. L. Donnelly as per advertisement.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, was announced to reopen on the 7th, with an entire new company from New York.

KITTY O'NEIL AND MAD. WEBER appear at the Skating Rink, Buffalo, this week.

MILLIE JEROME, *danseuse* and vocalist, opens at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va., on the 9th inst. Charley Kane, Harry Jefferson, Steve Rogers, J. B. Ferrie, Ida Morton, Emma Marsh and Millie Morton continue at this establishment.

THE VARIETIES, St. Louis, closed its doors on the 2d inst. for a short season. On the closing night Manager Geo. W. Deagle took a benefit. Our correspondent says:—"It was one of those benefits which we rarely witness except for some great favorite. The house was crowded from pit to dome, and the programme was one which could not fail to attract a large audience if variety and quantity are any criterion to go by. It would occupy a column of your valuable space to enumerate all the noticeable features of this company. It was Deagle's benefit, and all hands, including the cook, did their best. This house is now undergoing thorough alterations, decorations and repairs, and will re-open about the 15th inst."

AT THE METROPOLITAN HALL, Washington, D. C., Chrissie Morrell continues to meet with favor. The songs "Laura Lee," "Beautiful Bells," "Merriest Girl" and "Pulling Hard Against the Stream" she renders in a very pleasing manner, and, says our correspondent, Novice, "she is nightly *encored* in every selection. Miss DeMars now appears in the first part as well as the olio. The lady is not a favorite, although a very fair singer. Tom McIntyre has changed places with Larry Tooly. The former now attends to the tambourine and appears to good advantage, as does Tooly on the bone end. Mr. McIntyre's song and dance, with a somersault done up in good time to music, is vastly enjoyed, and the Dutch impersonations of Tooly, as well as the Ethiopian business of Dick Parker, meets with approval. Parker's Jumbo Jum, in the sketch of that name, and his Jake in the 'Statue,' are indeed laughable and funny."

SAM DEVINE, banjoist, comedian, jig dancer, &c., advertises in another column for an engagement.

THE OPERA HOUSE, formerly Morris Brothers', Boston, Mass., is said to be doing an excellent business. Variety artists and specialities are wanted. See advertisement.

THE CLADOCHE TROUPE, late of Niblo's Garden, have been engaged by Josh Hart for Howard Athenæum, Boston.

J. C. STEWART, better known as "Fatty Stewart," having added four new acts to his already extensive *repertoire*, can be engaged for brief engagements by variety hall managers.

Negro Minstrelsy.

DOUGHERTY, WILD, BARNEY AND MAC'S MINSTRELS showed in Newark, N. J., on the 6th and 7th inst. to good business. The company, says our correspondent, Rover, is first class and made a big hit in Newark. Hughes, Dougherty and Mac are the life of the show, although each and every one did well what they had to do."

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS are to appear at Lowell, Mass., on the 26th inst.

CHARLES A. MORRIS, formerly Fred. Wilson's partner in the business, was in St. Louis the past week. Rumor says he has prevailed on Joe Weil to lease him the Opera House on Fifth street, and that he will re-open it sometime in October.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS closed a two weeks' engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 7th inst. Some dissatisfaction was created owing to the absence of Dan Bryant, no notice being given of his intention to withdraw at the close of the first week. Although business was not equal to that done during the opening week, still there was a very good attendance each evening.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are the present attractions at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, opening on the 9th inst. They present quite a large list of performers in various lines of Ethiopian entertainments.

THE KELLY AND LEON MINSTRELS are billed ahead as follows:—Manchester, N. H., 10th; Nashua, 11th; Lowell, Mass., 12th; Milford, 13th; Fitchburg, 14th; Keene, N. H., 16th; Brattleboro, Vt., 17th, and Montpelier, 18th.

HOGAN AND HUGHES, now with Buckley's Minstrels, have been secured for Buckley's Serenaders for their traveling tour.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS start on their annual tour about the middle of August, with a good minstrel party. The Buckleys have long enjoyed a good reputation, and, judging by their present organization, they will no doubt keep up their good name.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS perform in Brooklyn, at the Park Theatre, for one week, commencing on the 16th inst.

KELLY AND LEON, just returned from England, were engaged in less than three hours after they landed here by Josh Hart for his Opera House, Boston, to open on the 16th inst. for two weeks.

MANAGER HOOLEY, of Brooklyn, is giving a good minstrel entertainment at his Opera House, and is attracting remunerative audiences. This week he introduces to his patrons Cooper and Fields, clog dancers of the San Francisco Minstrels, also John Mulligan, a great favorite in that city.

WASH NORTON, with his minstrel band, arrived in Rio Janeiro from St. Helena, on June 19th, but did not perform there, in consequence of Ristori and Rotuschak having possession of the principal theatres; so Wash took his party down the river, stopping at Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, intending to return to Rio Janeiro by Aug. 20th and perform.

KELLY AND LEON, having returned to this city from their London engagement, will open in Boston on the 16th inst. The following flattering notice of these two prominent performers is from the London *Telegraph*, the day after their *debut* in that city:—"The first appearance of Messrs. Kelly and Leon, two celebrated American comedians of the Christy Minstrel stamp, afforded the St. George's Hall *troupe* the opportunity of presenting their friends and patrons with a most unique Whitsuntide entertainment, in the shape of a burlesquelon Offenbach's popular opera "Barbe Bleue." The talents of the two renowned American comedians are varied and striking enough to keep their audience in good humor, without the addition of the new piece. Mr. Edwin Kelly is a really accomplished vocalist, dancer, comic actor and "mime," whose abilities, if exerted in legitimate drama, would entitle him to take high rank as a comedian of the Mathews and Yates school. Leon is a still more extraordinary performer, whose peculiar and remarkable male soprano voice induces him to assume the "crinoline," in which his apt impersonations are only rescued, by the assumption of burlesque, from being too natural and lifelike. His characteristic sketch of 'Saucy Sal,' a Mississippi steamboat negress, is a masterly piece of acting worthy of the first low comedian of the day; in fact, in a variety of forms these really clever actors make one regret that any disguise, however popular, should hinder them from taking rank on any stage where genuine humor and comic talent of the highest order might find a place. The 'Barber Trio,' besides embodying the never worn out theme of the immortal 'Blue Beard,' contrives to develop a rich vein of satirical fun and *excfully* grotesque interest, by placing the scene of its burlesque horrors in the very heart of Mormon land. Here, in the midst of the 'City of Saints,' and amongst the ranks of a ghostly array of Amazonian wives, Mr. Kelly and his remarkable associate 'The Leon'—'The Only Leon'—as the announcements state—and certainly, a 'Leon' who on any modern stage has, as yet, never known a rival or counterpart—weave up an amount of fun, frolic, droll acting and capital singing, which will amply repay a visit to St. George's Hall to witness."

DAN SHELBY left St. Louis on August 3d, and went to Centralia, Ill., with his minstrel band, where they opened in the evening. They were to stay there three nights and then take, in succession, the towns of Effingham, Mattoon, Sheibyville, Pana, Litchfield and Bunker Hill. The party will return in time to St. Louis to open on the 14th of August.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE, Boston, Sharpley's Minstrels and Deichanty & Hengler's troupe, combined, are the current attractions. Among the new comers this week are Cool Burgess, Minnie Jackson, Asa Cushman, Sallie Swift, Pete Lee, A. W. Maffin and others. J. A. Budworth and Jennie Engel remain.

Circuses.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS and Menagerie will be in Martinsburg, West Va., on the 13th inst.

CHARLEY NOYES' CIRCUS exhibited at Steubenville, Ohio, August 7th, to excellent business. This show pitched tent at Birmingham, Pa., on August 6th, and met with the usual reception given circuses in that town. During the afternoon some of the roughs, quite a number of whom reside in the borough, made an attempt to force into the tent without paying. They were repulsed, but shortly afterward succeeded in cutting a huge hole in the canvas of the dressing room. The performances were concluded without further molestation, but threats were made that the canvas would be demolished in the evening. As there was good reason to apprehend that an attempt would be made to carry the threats into execution, Mr. Noyes applied to Mayor Rush for a squad of police. Shortly after the doors were opened a strong force of rowdies made a rush upon the doorkeeper, with the hope of overpowering him. This movement was not successful, as the police rallied and drove back the assailants. An attack with stones and other missiles was then made upon the ticket office, the rowdies establishing themselves on the outside of the crowd. A perfect shower of bricks struck the office, and one of the *attaches* was struck in the jaw with a stone with such force as to knock out several teeth and fracture the bone. It was found necessary to close the office; missiles were hurled vigorously and pistol shots were fired. One young man, one of the rioters, received a pistol ball in his arm, and was removed from the field by some of his friends. A number of persons were struck with stones, including Chief Hague and other members of the police force. The officers then drew their revolvers, and making a charge on the rioters, caused a general stampede among them. Revolvers were discharged in the direction of the fleeing roughs, but no one was injured, as far as we can ascertain. The performances proceeded without further interruption, but when the work of removing the canvas commenced, another attack was made, but the police protected the *attaches* from injury until all the property was removed in safety.

LENT'S NEW YORK CIRCUS will be in Erie, Pa., on the 20th inst.

AMES' CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE exhibits in Washington, D. C., on the 9th and 10th.

BAILEY'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE, managed this season by John J. Nathans, has been doing a good business in Chicago. Their receipts on Aug 2d and 3d, are said to have reached $4,500.

THE EUROPEAN CIRCUS will be at Sing Sing, N. Y., on the 14th, Peekskill 16th, Fishkill 17th, Newburgh 18th, Poughkeepsie 19th, Kingston 20th, crossing the river to Rhinebeck.

CIRCUS SQUIBS.—The Gardner and Kenyon Circus and Menagerie, with James Robinson, was at Grand Rapids on July 31st, where they took, we are told, $2,100, their highest receipts this season, except 5th of July, at Rochester.....Thayer's Circus intends going into Wisconsin. Fred. Hunt has gone home.....Geo. Bailey was in Chicago the past week. After that a few stands in Illinois and then in Indiana, where he will encounter Jimmy Robinson, when there will be lively times. James Robinson has caused his card, which appeared in the CLIPPER in May last, to be inserted in the western papers wherever he appears, which challenges all comers for from $2,500 to $10,000 that he can do more upon his bare back on a horse than any one else can do upon the saddle or pad.....Mlle. Eloise Kenyon has entirely recovered from the effects of her accident and is riding well.....The route of Gardner and Kenyon's company for August will be Albion, Marshall, Battle Creek, Kalamazoo, Niles, Elkhart, Logansport, Fort Wayne, Indianapolis and small towns intervening the above named places.

THE EUROPEAN CIRCUS has lost but one performance since it started out this season, and that was in the afternoon at Clinton, Connnecticut, on the 5th inst. The reason assigned is a long drive from New London, Conn., to Connecticut river, over a very hard road, and as they had to cross the river on the Shore Line Railroad ferryboat during a heavy and terrific thunder shower, the boat could not cross to advantage. They reached Clinton and gave a show in the evening and had a large audience. This concern, under the immediate charge of the veteran Avery Smith, will show through the southwestern part of Connecticut, and then into New York State, and up the Hudson river.

FOREPAUGH'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE exhibits in Burlington, Iowa, on the 10th inst.

FRENCH'S CIRCUS is billed ahead as follows:—Burlington, Vt., 10th, Vergennes 11th, Middlebury 12th, Brandon 13th, Rutland 14th, Ludlow 16th, Chester 17th, Bellows Falls 18th, Brattleboro 19th, Greenfield, Mass., 20th, Athol 21st, Fitchburg 23d, and Lowell 24th.

THE INTERNATIONAL HIPPO-COMIQUE will exhibit at Harrisburg on the 9th, Hummelstown 10th, and Lebanon 11th.

AMES' CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE will exhibit at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 18th inst.

LENT'S N. Y. CIRCUS AND YANKEE ROBINSON'S CIRCUS are both elaborately billed for Rochester, N. Y., on the 12th and 13th, and 14th respectively.

YANKEE ROBINSON'S SHOW pitched tent on the corner of Main and Virginia streets, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 6th. Our correspondent, Frank, says :—"The show comprises an extensive menagerie, with a first-class circus combined, but the feature was the beautiful and daring Senyah and husband, who were remembered by our amusement goers. The show remained two days, and carried away a goodly amount of lucre.....Lent's New York Circus has been very finely billed here for the 17th and 18th."

JOHN STOWE'S CIRCUS is in Wisconsin. It stopped at Berlin on the 3d; Pine River, 4th; Weyauwego, 5th; New London, 6th; Waupaca, 7th, and was to go thence to Amhurst, 9th; Stevens Point, 10th; Grand Rapids, 11th; Nerda, 12th; New Lisbon, 13th; Neenan, 14th, and Sparta 16th.

O. SACKETT was taken sick with the small pox while with Campbell's Circus, and was taken to the hospital in Montreal.

STICKNEY'S CIRCUS has re-organized and gone on the road again, making its first stand at Paterson, N. J., on the 7th, and was to go thence to Orange, 9th; Elizabeth, 10th; Newark, 11th; Hudson City, 12th; Hoboken, 13th; Jersey City, 14th, and then take in the towns on Staten Island. All the Stickney family, excepting Robert, have joined this concern. Robert is announced to appear with the party in one month.

WM. KENNEDY, clown and comic singer, advertises that he can be engaged.

BRYAN'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE will pitch tent in Dayton, Ohio, on the 16th inst.

VAN AMBURGH'S MENAGERIE, now traveling through Canada, will be at Brampton, 11th; Richmond Hill, 14th; Brownsville, 16th; Newmarket, 17th, and Markham, 18th.

LENT'S NEW YORK CIRCUS exhibits in Lockport, N. Y., Aug. 14th, Niagara Falls, 16th, and Buffalo, 17th and 18th.

STONE AND MURRAY'S CIRCUS is holding forth, all this week, at Halifax, N. S., and goes thence to Truro, 16th; New Glasgow, 17th; Pictou, 18th; Tatama Gouche, 19th; River Philip, 20th; Amherst, 21st, and then visits all the principal cities and towns of New Brunswick.

C. T. AMES' CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE is announced by his *avant courier*, "Doc" Chambers, to open on Richmond Market lot, Baltimore, on the 11th inst. for two nights, and on Belair lot, 13th and 14th inst.

LEONARD GOELLER, a young man who can do some tumbling and jig and clog dancing, advertises that he wishes to join a circus.

CAMPBELL'S CIRCUS is said to be doing well in Canada. A correspondent, writing from Montreal, says:—"The doors were closed at each exhibition to prevent before the performances commenced or even the band began to play, and then the scenes on the lot would beggar description, with the thousands of disappointed people clamoring for admission. The receipts were nearly $6,000. Pretty good for Montreal. The route ahead will be—Prescott, Aug. 7th; Kempsville, 9th; Stanley, 10th; Ottawa, 11th and 12th; Richmond, 13th; Perth, 14th; Smith's Fall's, 16th; Brockville, 17th; Ogdensburgh, 18th."

Miscellaneous.

HALLS AND OPERA HOUSES for the accommodation of traveling troupes of all kinds are being erected in nearly every section of the Union. Among those completed, and advertised in the CLIPPER, are the following:—Union Hall, Johnstown, Pa.; Meech's Hall, Cattskill, N. Y.; Richards' Hall, Champaign, Ill.; Metropolitan Hall, Indianapolis, Ind.; Union Hall, Monmouth, Ill.; Perkins' Theatre, Houston, Texas; Frank's Hall, Kansas City, Mo.; Butzel's Hall, Saugerties, N. Y.; Rutland Opera House, Rutland, Vt.; Hamilton's New Hall, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Lyceum Hall, Bridgeport, Conn.; Alkin's New Hall, Petroleum Centre, Pa.; Franklin Hall, Bridgeport, Conn.; Library Hall, Chicago; Main Street Opera House, Johnstown, Pa.; Hotchkiss Hall, Waterbury, Conn.; Sumner's New Opera House, Akron, Ohio; Weisiger Hall, Louisville, Ky.; Concordia Hall, Peru, Ill.; Breineiser's Hall, Reading, Pa.; Rouse's Opera House, Peoria, Ill., etc.

A NEW HALL.—A subscription was started, a few days since, to build an opera house corner of Broadway and Market streets, Council Bluffs, Iowa, and $60,000 were subscribed. The proposed building will be 75 by 150 feet, built on the latest and most improved style, and is to cost about $100,000. The ground purchased for it is on the opposite corner from the Ogden House, now in course of erection at a cost of $80,000.

HEYWOOD'S PANORAMA was at Farnumsville, Mass., on the 7th, and was billed for East Douglas 9th.

DEERING HALL, Portland, Me., which is now being renovated and re-fitted, will be opened by Bidwell's Dramatic Company on the 7th of September, who play there for a brief season with Dollie Bidwell as the principal attraction.

PRICE AND SPENCER'S VARIETIES played to a very fair audience in Three Rivers, Mich., on Aug. 2d. The company is newly organized and consists of the following persons:—F. M. Price, G. N. Spencer, G. P. Schaffer, Frank Judson, Madam Anna and Miss Silvia Weaver. The company were to go from Three Rivers through to the mouth of the St. Joe river, thence up the lake to Manister, and thence across into Wisconsin.

HARTZ was to open in Montreal, Canada, on Aug. 9th, for one week.

WALTER C. LYMAN, elocutionist, is preparing for a tour for the purpose of giving readings from the poets at the different watering places.

M. JOHN DENIER continues his peregrinations through the far west. He made another rope ascension at Quintin Park, Milwaukee, Wis., on Aug. 1st, and was to appear at Cedarburg, Wis., on Aug. 8th. Miss Maggie Willett, Geo. Kurtz, Dutch comedian, J. Mackin, negro performer, Prof. Le Loeb, pianist, and J. H. Wilson, agent, are with M. Denier. On Aug. 21st, he is to be the recipient of a complimentary benefit at the Music Hall, Milwaukee, tendered him by the citizens and the Turner Society. One of the features will be an elegant gold medal for the best fancy and school turner on the horizontal bar, open to all the societies in Wisconsin.

MAJOR BURNELL'S MUSEUM, Pittsburgh, Pa., is one of the most attractive places of amusement in that city. Among the attractions offered are Prof. French, with his performing dogs, Ann E. Leak, the lady born without arms, Mad. Nora, the glass blower, Emma Hoyt, the female dwarf, the Happy Family. The Museum closed on June 5th and re-opened on June 28th. During the time of its being closed it has been renovated and re-fitted throughout. Many new improvements have been made, new attractions and new curiosities have been added, and a fountain has been erected.

ANY ONE who has a panorama for sale can find a probable purchaser by addressing H. Dora as per advertisement.

TOM THUMB, his wife, Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren, are giving exhibitions along the line of the Pacific Road.

MILLIE TURNOUR performed her trapeze act at the German Schutzenfest in Williamsburgh, L. I., on the afternoon and evening of Aug. 3d and 4th, at an elevation of forty feet. She travels a brief season of six weeks with Ames' Circus, and was to open with him in Washington, D. C., on August 9th. She receives, we are told, a weekly salary of two hundred dollars, with all the expenses of Mrs. Turnour, herself and father. At the close of this engagement she will probably play a season of eight weeks with J. M. Nixon, in California, for which she has a standing offer of two hundred dollars (gold) per week and all the expenses of her mother, self and Carlotta.

TREMAINE'S HELIOGRAPHORAMA has been on exhibition at St. James' Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., the past week.

THE COMBINATION including the Rizarelli Brothers, Hernandez, Mlle. Augusta, the DeLeon Brothers, and others, were announced to appear at the Opera House, Detroit, for one week, commencing on the 9th, under the management of O. H. Hess and W. S. Warren.

GEO. GRAY, agent, late of Sam Sharpley's Minstrels, advertises that he can be engaged.

ROBT. NICKLE, prestidigitateur, advertises that he is prepared to negotiate for a few nights.

THE MECHANICAL EXHIBITION, now on view at Congress Hall, Saratoga, is advertised for sale.

TEN ANACONDA SNAKES are advertised for sale by Maj. Burnell.

JOHN BOGAN, whose address will be found in our advertisement columns, sends lessons by mail on the banjo or dancing.

THE ADDRESS of John O'Donnell, theatrical shoemaker, can be found in another column.

E. M. LESLIE, an agent who appears to have considerable experience, advertises that he can be engaged.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Laramie City, Wyoming territory, which seats five hundred persons, has scenery, &c., is advertised to rent.

ARTISTS are wanted for the Casino, Buffalo Skating Rink. See John Weaverman's card.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED GIRL, under the management of D. K. Prescott, appeared at Lawrence, Mass., on the 5th, 6th and 7th. Business is reported as good.

THE AVOLOS, gymnasts, advertise that they can be engaged through their agent, whose address find in another column.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Erie City, Pa., a new hall, which will seat one thousand persons, has scenery and other necessary appliances, can be rented through the agents, whose address find in another column.

Amateur.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, will commence their ninth regular season on Wednesday evening, Sept. 1st. The "Wheatley" was organized in May, 1860, and has been in operation ever since. They were incorporated last February by an act of the Pennsylvania Legislature, being the first and only dramatic association, we are told, having recognized legal existence in that city. A correspondent says:—"Through enterprise and perseverance they have accumulated several thousand dollars of property, and their roll of membership can furnish sufficient talent to stock any of our first class theatres. Their hall, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets, will seat over 600 persons, and is elegantly fitted up. The proscenium front and stage were designed and built by Rush, the architect of the Arch Street Theatre, and is a model of beauty and neatness; it is painted in white China gloss, relieved by gold moulding; the stage is large, and completely stocked with scenery and setts of all kinds, while the property room is crowded with every requisite appointment. Large dressing rooms and a finely furnished club or green room complete the attractions of the hall. The coming season, it is anticipated, will be the most brilliant on record."

Foreign Show News.

LONDON SHOW NEWS.—Up to July 25th we are advised of show news in the London metropolis. Great quietude had prevailed that week, very few events worth noting having occurred at the different theatres. Miss Sedgwick's hold of the Haymarket is continued.....At the Royalty Mr. Halliday's farcical comedy attracts large audiences, spite of midsummer weather.....No change has taken place at the Gaiety, Queen's, Strand, Prince of Wales', Holborn, Charing Cross and Alexandra Theatres. .....The production of Mr. Gilbert's comedy at the Gaiety, originally fixed for July 24, has been postponed until July 26.....'Orphee aux Enfers" has been revived at the St. James'.....At the Surrey the drama of "Black and White" has been performed, with Mr. Pechter and Mr. Leclercq in their original characters of Layrac and Miss Milburn. The piece and the actors have been very favorably received. The farces of "An Object of Interest" and "The Secret" have also been performed. Mr. Sims Reeves has appeared four nights at the Standard as Francis Osbaldeston in the drama of "Rob Roy;" his singing, particularly "The Macgregor's Gathering" and "Auld Lang Syne," found great favor, but was not repeated. The farce of "Cool as a Cucumber" followed. On other nights "Macbeth" was performed.....At the Royal Alfred Mr. H. Neville has been performing in "The Ticket of Leave Man." "Sarah's Young Man" has been the concluding piece, in which Mr. Worboy has appeared as Sam Sloeleaf.....'The Black Doctor" and "Ruthven" have constituted the attractions at the Greclan. Miss Georgina Pauncefort made her first appearance at the New East London, on July 19th, in Mr. Travers' drama of "St. Valentine's Day." The lady was received with favor. The concluding piece was the drama of "The Chimes."....At the Pavilion singing and comic *ballet* have constituted the bill of fare.....A new drama called "Luck, a Story of Pastoral Life," was presented at the Britannia Theatre on July 19th, and, as may readily be supposed, its plot deals principally with agricultural life. Some of the situations in the piece are well worked up and throughout the representation of the drama the applause was very general.....'Formosa." Boucicault's new drama, was to be given on July 31st at Drury Lane, with Messrs. Barrett H. Irving, David Fisher, F. Charles, Brittain Wright, John Reuse, J. Morris, J. Reynolds, J. B. Johnstone, Webber, Cullen, Mitchenson, and J. B. Howard (his first appearance in London); Mrs. Billington, Misses M. Brennan, Beatrix, Shirley, E. Stuart, Dalton, Mervyn, Hall and Katherine Rodgers in the cast. .....The Globe reopens in September with a new drama by Mr. Robertson called "Progress."....Blondin, the "Hero of Niagara," was to commence an engagement at the New East London on July 26th.....The Olympic opens on July 31st under the management of Miss Roden. Mr. Elliott Galer, Miss F. Reeves and D. Corri form a portion of the company.....J. L. Toole has concluded an engagement with Mr. Hollingshead, and will appear at Christmas in an original drama by Mr. Byron.....A play, by Mr. Andrew Halliday, has been received at Drury Lane, and will probably be played after Mr. Boucicault's drama "Formosa."..... John S. Clarke was to appear at the Strand Theatre on July 26th in a new farcical comedy by John Brougham, entitled "Among the Breakers," and as Toodles for the first time in that city.....Mr. Alfred Wigan is suffering from inflammation of the throat .....It is rumored that the New Charing Cross Theatre will change its management very shortly..... Clarence and May Holt were announced to open at the Alfred Theatre on July 26th, Mr. Holt as Hamlet, Belphegor and Don Cæsar de Bazan, and Miss Holt as Gertrude in "The Loan of a Lover."....The Olympic Theatre was to be opened on July 31st under the management of Miss Roden. The opera of "John of Paris" was to be the initial performance, with the manageress as the Princess of Navarre; Elliot Galer will appear as John of Paris; J. G. Taylor as Pedrigo Potts; Dussek Corri as the Chamberlain; Evered as Gregory; Miss Lennox Gray as Rosa, and Miss Fanny Reeves as the Page. The band and chorus will be selected from those of Her Majesty's Theatre, the Royal Italian Opera and the Crystal Palace. W. F. Taylor is appointed Conductor. Opera and farce are to form the attractions. "John of Paris" is to be preceded and followed by a farce.....Mdlle. Schneider met with an accident on the evening of July 21st, at the St. James Theatre, which might have proved very serious. In the last scene of "Orphee aux Enfers" occurs the apotheosis of Eurydice. With Jupiter on one side and Pluto on the other, she, standing on a pedestal, is ascending to the clouds, surrounded by flames and lightnings. In an instant one of these flashes set fire to the back of the skirts of Mdlle. Schneider's dress. The tartatan blazed so suddenly that her companions on the pedestal had scarcely realised what had happened, when, with a shriek, she sprang from between them on to the stage. The leap must have been at least twelve feet. The actors closed around her, but she broke from them. Jupiter caught her, and with his mantle, which he had torn from his shoulders, attempted to stifle the flames. As an opening occurred in the crowd, the *prima donna* was struggling on the ground on fire, and almost without any dress left. Some gentlemen sprang from the pit boxes and assisted in throwing coats, or whatever came to hand, about her. Just then the curtain was dropped, the house remaining in an agonizing suspense. It seemed an age before it rose again. A few of the actors came before it and tried to calm the public, to satisfy whose anxiety the curtain was again drawn up, and Mdlle. Schneider was seen supported by the manager and others, half fainting and recumbent in their arms. She had yet sufficient presence of mind to bow and reassure the audience, who, standing up, burst into thunders of congratulatory applause. Mdlle. Schneider escaped without any personal injury. The accident did not prevent her from making her appearance on the following evening, when she met with a most enthusiastic reception.

MRS. CLARA BATES BECKETT, late of the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London, died in Birmingham, Eng., July 18th, aged 39 years.

MAD. ANNA BISHOP has arrived in England from the Antipodes in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits.

ACCIDENT TO ARTHUR SWANBOROUGH.—On July 16th an accident occurred to this gentleman, unattended with serious results. He was driving a phaeton on the road to Brighton, and when near Horley the horse became suddenly restive and unmanageable from a boy jumping through a hedge. The carriage and horse were thrown into a hollow by the roadside, the occupants being thrown out with great violence. Mr. Swanborough sustained a severe dislocation of the shoulder, besides several contusions. The carriage was almost demolished, and the horse seriously injured.

"RICHELIEU A FONTAINEBLEAU," by MM. Dornay and Maurice Coste, produced at the Ambigu-Comique, is a so-called historical drama in five acts and three tableaux. It travesties historical events with an intrepidity worthy of M. Dumas, and takes all imaginable liberties with the cardinal and his surroundings. The period with which it deals had been worked to death by dramatists until each historical personage of the reign of Louis XIII is as familiar upon the stage as Harlequin. After the run of this piece is over, the theatre will be closed for extensive repairs.

ANNA BISHOP took her leave of a South Australian audience on May 22d, the occasion being for the benefit of Charles Lascelles.

AUBER'S NEW OPERA is to be called "Un Reve d'Amour." His last one was "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur." Gay titles for an octogenarian.

SARDOU'S comedy "Les Ganaches," which had a great run in Paris, will be produced in a few weeks at the Globe Theatre, London, under the title of "Fogies."

CREMORNE GARDENS, London, will cease to exist after this season. It does not pay, and the ground is to be devoted to building purposes.

A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT was to have been given at West Ham, England, on the 26th and 27th of July, under the direction of Mr. George L. Pender, the well known American *entrepeneur*, where twelve clowns were to play a series of games of cricket in three motley suits against twenty-two gentlemen amateurs.

VIEUXTEMPS purchased an old fiddle recently for $1,578.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue.
JAMES FISK, JR.....Proprietor.
JAMES A. HERNE.....Manager
8th WEEK. 8th.
8th WEEK. 8th.
LUCILLE WESTERN,
LUCILLE WESTERN, as
MIAMI and Madame St. Aubert,
MIAMI and Madame St. Aubert, in
GREEN BUSHES, GREEN BUSHES,
GREEN BUSHES, GREEN BUSHES,
EVERY EVENING and SATURDAY MATINEE.
GENERAL ADMISSION.....50 CENTS
☞ A GREAT BILL FOR SATURDAY NIGHT. ☜
MONDAY, AUG. 16th, after careful preparation, will be Revived, with New and Magnificent Scenery, Exquisite Music, Appropriate Costumes, Costly Appointments, Novel Effects and Startling Tableaux, the Grand Romantic and Spectacular Drama, the
SEA OF ICE. 19-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE.
No. 514 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
WHITE & SPENCER'S.....Lessees and Proprietors.
NOTICE.—This establishment will be open on or about the 16th of August with a Dramatic, Burlesque and Comedy Company. First class stars of every speciality invited and liberally dealt with. Address as above, stating terms, the nature of performance, and time wanted. 17-4t

WOOD'S MUSEUM, AUTHORIZED SUCCESSOR TO BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM,
BROADWAY—Corner Thirtieth street—BROADWAY.
100,000 Wonders and Curiosities on view. Open daily from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Two daily dramatic performances. Admission to all the attractions, 50 cents.

A HIT. Crowded houses greet the A HIT.
A HIT. WORRELL SISTERS A HIT.
A HIT. in their gorgeous burlesque, A HIT.
A HIT. LALLA ROOKH. A HIT.
A HIT. The magnificent dresses of A HIT.
A HIT. SOPHIE, A HIT.
A HIT. The dazzling splendor of A HIT.
A HIT. JENNIE, A HIT.
A HIT. The delicious music of A HIT.
A HIT. LALLA ROOKH, A HIT.
A HIT. and the acting of the A HIT.
A HIT. WORRELL SISTERS A HIT.
A HIT. have never been equaled. A HIT.

Every afternoon at 2, the comedy of PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS, and the laughable Comedietta of BULLS AND BEARS OF WALL STREET. 19-1t

WALLACK'S THEATRE.
AN ASSURED SUCCESS!
Mrs. Sidney F. Bateman's original American Comedy,
SELF,
SELF,
SELF,
SELF,
with MR. JOHN E. OWENS,
in his great characterization of
JOHN UNIT,
supported by
MR. W. R. FLOYD,
OLIVER DOUD, B. T. RINGGOLD,
MISS EFFIE GERMON,
MISS ANNIE DELAND, MISS AMELIA HARRIS,
MISS FLORENCE STANLEY, and
MRS. F. MORDAUNT.
EVERY EVENING UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. 19-1t

BOWERY THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager.....WILLIAM B. FRELIGH
A WEEK OF GREAT NOVELTY.
The New York favorite,
MR. W. H. WHALLEY,
for six nights only (his first appearance since his late indisposition).
First nights of the great London Sensation Drama of
THE MYSTERIES OF CANOVA;
Or,
WILL AND THE WAY.
MR. W. H. WHALLEY as.....OLD MARTIN
THRILLING INCIDENTS
AND STARTLING TABLEAUX.
The roaring Drama of
JACQUES STROP. 19-1t

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OPERA HOUSE,
201 BOWERY, OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
GLORIOUS OPENING OF THE SEASON.
CROWDED HOUSES. DELIGHTFUL AUDIENCES.
AN ENTIRELY NEW LOCAL DRAMA,
JOE KIDD,
THE KING OF THE RING.
SAM COLLYER.....JOE KIDD.
MISS SALLIE MASON

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FOR THEATRICAL, or other advertisements not under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.
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FOR Notices to be inserted in our NEWS Columns—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*; the same notice not to be inserted more than once.
In our LEADING Columns nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for free and independent expression of our own opinions.
OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.
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Nos. 88 and 90 Centre street,
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Obtain this Check to find Seat's Number, 744 Broadway, N. Y.

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MISS ADA WEBB,
with a new repertoire, Sept. 1869. Authors and Managers will please address her Business Manager,
ALBERT CASSEDY,
Care Metropolitan Hotel, New York.
New plays read before accepted. 15-tf

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IMITATIONS of the BELL CHIMES, HAND ORGAN and BAG PIPES, now ready. See advertisement in another column. 15tf

FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE,
WALNUT STREET ABOVE 8TH, PHILADELPHIA.
R. FOX.....Proprietor and Manager.
GEORGE R. EDESON.....Acting and Stage Manager.
THE GREAT INSTITUTION OF THE COUNTRY.
OPEN "ALL THE YEAR ROUND"
WITH THE MOST COMPLETE VARIETY ORGANIZATION EVER BROUGHT TOGETHER.
FIVE DISTINCT COMPANIES COMBINED
DRAMATIC, PANTOMIMIC, ACROBATIC,
TERPSICHOREAN AND ETHIOPIAN,
COMPOSED OF THE
VERY BEST ARTISTS IN THE WORLD.
THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE BALLET TROUPE IN AMERICA,
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE CELEBRATED MAITRE DE BALLET, MONS. ZAVISTOWSKI.
ALL THE GREATEST SENSATIONS OF THE DAY PRESENTED IN RAPID SUCCESSION.
Artists in all branches desirous of negotiating will please apply to the authorized agents, LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
609 Broadway, New York, or
16-tf American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS.
MRS. JAMES A. OATES'
BURLESQUE AND OPERATIC COMPANY,
Will commence their fall and winter tour at Burtis' Opera House, Davenport, Iowa, SEPTEMBER the 9th, 1869; thence to Milwaukee, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and all the principal cities. The company will be full and complete in every detail. Among the extra attractions secured is Professor O'Reardon, the truly wonderful tumbleronicon, artist, the greatest musical invention of the age.
Managers and first class burlesque and vocal artistes, desiring to arrange for the fall and winter season, address
JAMES A. OATES,
Care of J. G. BURNETT, Theatrical Agent,
139 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
JOHN DINGESS,
Business Manager;
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Burlesque and Operatic Company. 16-4t

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UNION HALL, JOHNSTOWN, PA.
This already good and extremely popular Hall has just been entirely Remodeled, Enlarged, and Decorated. Is on the ground floor, principal entrance 15 feet wide; two side exit doors; can be emptied in less than five minutes; no jamming, crushing, or danger. Has over 500 arm and hall arm chairs on main floor, and seats 300 in the gallery. Building, 104x80 feet; ceiling, 30 feet high; stage, 26 feet deep, 40 feet wide. Full set of scenery on flats, by Richard S. Smith, of N. Y. Frescoes and decorations of auditorium by the same artist. Dressing rooms, green carpet, act drop and green curtain; foot, wing, and side lights. Stage door and water closet. Water in dressing rooms and on stage.
Union Hall has done nine-tenths of the business of Johnstown since first opened in November, 1868. It is now entirely perfect in sound, light and beauty.
The Association would confidently refer for character of hall and management to J. O. Sefton, Charles A. Morris, J. H. Haverly, Sam'l S. Sanford, Leo Hudson, Continental Vocalists, Wallace Sisters' Burlesque Troupe, Blind Tom's management, or any of the numerous parties that have occupied the Hall.
For terms, &c., address ROBERT W. HUNT,
15-5m* Secretary Union Hall Association, Johnstown, Pa.

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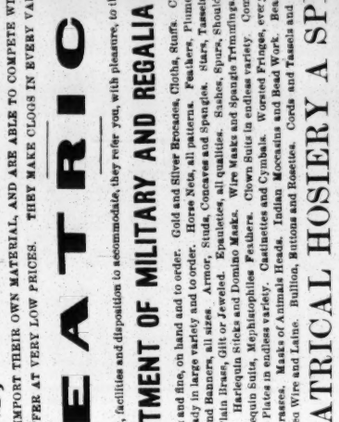

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